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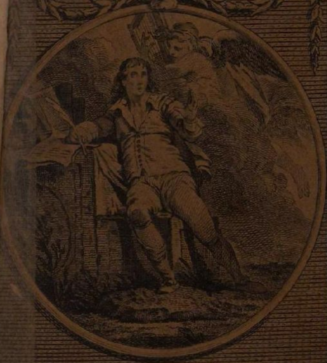
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN

COMPLETE FROM

CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



MILTON VOLUME IV.

My Muse with Angels did divide to Sing;

Page 21.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN MILTON.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. NEWTON.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

AND A CRITIQUE ON PARADISE LOST,

BY JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

Three poets, in three diftant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn.
The firft in loftinefs of thought furpaft;
The next in majefty; in both the laft.
The force of Nature could no further go:
To make a third fhe join'd the former two.

DRYDEN.

ARAJA BERFOGI

VOL. [illegible]

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1779.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN MILTON.

VOL. IV.

CONTAINING

POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

SONNETS, ELEGIES,
PSALMS, ODES,
&c. &c. &c.

Milton----with high and haughty ftalks,
Unfetter'd, in majeftic numbers walks:
No vulgar hero can his Mufe engage,
Nor earth's wide fcene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! fee! he upward fprings, and, tow'ring high,
Spurns the dull province of mortality;
Shakes Heav'n's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And fets th' almighty Thunderer in arms!

ADDISON.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.

THE STATIONER TO THE READER.

[Prefixed to the first Edition of Milton's Poems, printed in 1645.]

IT is not any private respect of gain, gentle Reader, for the slightest pamphlet is now-a-days more vendible than the works of learnedest men; but it is the love I have to our own language, that hath made me diligent to collect and set forth such pieces both in prose and verse, as may renew the wonted honor and esteem of our English tongue: and it's the worth of these both English and Latin poems, not the florish of any prefixed encomiums that can invite thee to buy them, though these are not without the highest commendations and applause of the learnedest Academics, both domestic and foreign; and amongst those of our own country, the unparallel'd attestation of that renowned Provost of Eton, Sir Henry Wotton. I know not thy palat how it relishes such dainties, nor how harmonious thy soul is; perhaps more trivial airs may please thee better. But howsoever thy opinion is spent upon these, that encouragement I have already received from the most ingenious men in their clear and courteous entertainment of Mr. Waller's late choice pieces hath once more made me adventure into the world, presenting it with these ever-green, and not to be blasted laurels. The Author's more peculiar excellency in these

ſtudies was too well known to conceal his papers, or to keep me from attempting to ſolicit them from him. Let the event guide itſelf which way it will, I ſhall deſerve of the age, by bringing into the light as true a birth as the Muſes have brought forth ſince our famous Spenſer wrote; whoſe poems in theſe Engliſh ones are as rarely imitated as ſweetly excell'd. Reader, if thou art eagle-ey'd to cenſure their worth, I am not fearful to expoſe them to thy exacteſt peruſal.

Thine to command,

HUMPH. MOSELEY.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

I. *Anno ætatis* 17. *On the death of a fair Infant, dying of a cough.*

I.

O FAIREST flower no ſooner blown but blaſted,
Soft ſilken primroſe fading timeleſly,
Summer's chief honor, if thou hadſt out-laſted
Bleak Winter's force that made thy bloſſom dry;
For he being amorous on that lovely dye
  That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiſs,
But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliſs.

II.

For ſince grim Aquilo his charioteer
By boiſtrous rape th' Athenian damſel got,
He thought it touch'd his deity full near,
If likewiſe he ſome fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away th' infámous blot
  Of long-uncoupled bed, and childleſs eld,
Which 'mongſt the wanton gods a foul reproach was [held.

III.

So mounting up in icy-pearled car,
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wander'd long, till thee he ſpy'd from far:
There ended was his queſt, there ceas'd his care.
Down he deſcended from his ſnow-ſoft chair,
  But all unwares with his cold kind embrace
Unhous'd thy virgin ſoul from her fair biding place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For ſo Apollo, with unweeting hand,
Whilome did ſlay his dearly loved mate,
Young Hyacinth born on Eurotas' ſtrand,
Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land;
 But then transform'd him to a purple flower:
Alack that ſo to change thee Winter had no power.

V.

Yet can I not perſuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy corſe corrupts in earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
Hid from the world in a low delved tomb;
Could Heav'n for pity thee ſo ſtrictly doom?
 Oh no! for ſomething in thy face did ſhine
Above mortality, that ſhow'd thou waſt divine.

VI.

Reſolve me then, oh Soul moſt ſurely bleſt,
(If ſo it be that thou theſe plaints doſt hear)
Tell me bright Spirit where'er thou hovereſt,
Whether above that high firſt-moving ſphere,
Or in th' Elyſian fields (if ſuch there were)
 Oh ſay me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us ſo quickly thou didſt take thy flight.

VII.

Wert thou ſome ſtar which from the ruin'd roof
Of ſhak'd Olympus by miſchance didſt fall;
Which careful Jove in Nature's true behoof

Took up, and in fit place did reinſtall?
Or did of late Earth's ſons beſiege the wall
  Of ſheeny Heav'n, and thou ſome goddeſs fled
Amongſt us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

VIII.

Or wert thou that juſt maid who once before
Forſook the hated earth, O tell me ſooth,
And cam'ſt again to viſit us once more?
Or wert thou that ſweet ſmiling youth,
Or that crown'd matron ſage white-robed Truth?
  Or any other of that heav'nly brood
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world ſome good?

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged hoſt,
Who having clad thyſelf in human weed,
To Earth from thy prefixed ſeat didſt poſt,
And after ſhort abode fly back with ſpeed,
As if to ſhow what creatures Heav'n doth breed,
  Thereby to ſet the hearts of men on fire
To ſcorn the ſordid world, and unto Heav'n aſpire?

X.

But oh why didſt thou not ſtay here below
To bleſs us with thy Heav'n-lov'd innocence,
To ſlake his wrath whom ſin hath made our foe,
To turn ſwift-ruſhing black Perdition hence,
Or drive away the ſlaughtering Peſtilence,
  To ſtand 'twixt us and our deſerved ſmart?
But thou canſt beſt perform that office where thou art.

XI.

Then thou the mother of ſo ſweet a child
Her falſe imagin'd loſs ceaſe to lament,
And wiſely learn to curb thy ſorrows wild:
Think what a preſent thou to God haſt ſent,
And render him with patience what he lent!
This if thou do, he will an offspring give,
That till the world's laſt end ſhall make thy name to [live.

II. *Anno ætatis* 19. *At a vacation exerciſe in the college, part Latin, part Engliſh. The Latin ſpeeches ended, the Engliſh thus began.*

Hail native Language, that by ſinews weak
Didſt move my firſt endevoring tongue to ſpeak,
And mad'ſt imperfect words with childiſh trips,
Half-unpronounc'd, ſlide through my infant-lips,
Driving dumb Silence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely ſat two years before:
Here I ſalute thee, and thy pardon aſk,
That now I uſe thee in my latter taſk:
Small loſs it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee:
Thou need'ſt not be ambitious to be firſt,
Believe me I have thither packt the worſt:
And, if it happen as I did forecaſt,
The daintieſt diſhes ſhall be ſerv'd up laſt.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid
For this ſame ſmall neglect that I have made:

But haste thee strait to do me once a pleasure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,
Not those new-fangled toys, and trimming slight
Which takes our late fantastics with delight,
But cull those richest robes, and gay'st attire
Which deepest spirits, and choicest wits desire:
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their passage out;
And weary of their place do only stay
'Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array;
That so they may without suspect or fears
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears;
Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,
Thy service in some graver subject use,
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'n's door
Look in, and see each blissful deity
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
List'ning to what unshorn Apollo sings
To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
Immortal nectar to her kingly sire:
Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,
And misty regions of wide air next under
And hills of snow and lofts of piled thunder,
May tell at length how green-ey'd Neptune raves,
In Heav'n's defiance must'ring all his waves;

Then ſing of ſecret things that came to paſs
When beldam Nature in her cradle was;
And laſt of kings and queens and heroes old,
Such as the wiſe Demodocus once told
In ſolemn ſongs at King Alcinous' feaſt,
While ſad Ulyſſes' ſoul and all the reſt
Are held with his melodious harmony
In willing chains and ſweet captivity.
But fie, my wand'ring Muſe, how thou doſt ſtray!
Expectance calls thee now another way,
Thou know'ſt it muſt be now thy only bent
To keep in compaſs of thy predicament:
Then quick about thy purpos'd buſineſs come,
That to the next I may reſign my room.

Then Ens is repreſented as father of the Predicaments his ten ſons, whereof the eldeſt ſtood for ſubſtance with his canons, which Ens, thus ſpeaking, explains.

Good luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth
The faery ladies danc'd upon the hearth;
Thy drouſy nurſe hath ſworn ſhe did them ſpie
Come tripping to the room where thou didſt lie,
And ſweetly ſinging round about thy bed
Strow all their bleſſings on thy ſleeping head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou ſhouldſt ſtill
From eyes of mortals walk inviſible:
Yet there is ſomething that doth force my fear,
For once it was my diſmal hap to hear

A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
That far events full wisely could presage,
And in Time's long and dark prospective glass
Foresaw what future days should bring to pass;
Your son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)
Shall subject be to many an accident.
O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king,
Yet every one shall make him underling,
And those that cannot live from him asunder
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under,
In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
Yet being above them, he shall be below them;
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.
To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
And Peace shall lull him in her flow'ry lap;
Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
Devouring War shall never cease to roar:
Yea it shall be his natural property
To harbour those that are at enmity.
What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot?

The next Quantity and Quality spake in prose, then Relation was call'd by his name.

Rivers arise; whether thou be the son
Of utmost Tweed, or Oose, or gulphy Dun,
Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads
His thirty arms along th' indented meads,

Or ſullen Mole that runneth underneath,
Or Severn ſwift, guilty of maiden's death,
Or rocky Avon, or of ſedgy Lee,
Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,
Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythian's name,
Or Medway ſmooth, or royal towered Thame.

[*The reſt was proſe.*]

III. *On the morning of Chriſt's nativity. Compos'd* 1629.

I.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For ſo the holy Sages once did ſing,
  That he our deadly forfeit ſhould releaſe,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious form, that light unſufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majeſty,
Wherewith he wont at Heav'n's high council-table
To ſit the midſt of Trinal Unity,
He laid aſide; and here with us to be,
  Forſook the courts of everlaſting day,
And choſe with us a darkſome houſe of mortal clay.

III.

Say heav'nly Muſe, ſhall not thy ſacred vein
Afford a preſent to the Infant God?
Haſt thou no verſe, no hymn or ſolemn ſtrain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heav'n by the ſun's team untrod,
  Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the ſpangled hoſt keep watch in ſquadrons bright?

IV.

See how from far upon the eaſtern road
The ſtar-led Wiſards haſte with odors ſweet:
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his bleſſed feet;
Have thou the honor firſt thy Lord to greet,
  And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
From out his ſecret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

The Hymn.

I.

It was the winter wild,
While the Heav'n-born child
  All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him
Had dofft her gaudy trim,
  With her great Maſter ſo to ſympathize:
It was no ſeaſon then for her
To wanton with the ſun her luſty paramour.

II.

Only with ſpeeches fair
She woo's the gentle Air
To hide her guilty front with innocent ſnow,
And on her naked ſhame,
Pollute with ſinful blame,
The ſaintly veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look ſo near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he her fears to ceaſe,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;
She crown'd with olive green, came ſoftly ſliding
Down through the turning ſphere
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She ſtrikes an univerſal peace through ſea and land.

IV.

No war, or battel's ſound
Was heard the world around:
The idle ſpear and ſhield were high up hung,
The hooked chariot ſtood,
Unſtain'd with hoſtile blood,
The trumpet ſpake not to the armed throng,
And kings ſat ſtill with aweful eye,
As if they ſurely knew their ſovran Lord was by.

V.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds with wonder whiſt
Smoothly the waters kiſt,
Whiſp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm ſit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The ſtars with deep amaze
Stand fix'd in ſtedfaſt gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himſelf beſpake and bid them go.

VII.

And though the ſhady Gloom
Had given Day her room,
The ſun himſelf withheld his wonted ſpeed,
And hid his head for ſhame,
As his inferior flame
The new inlighten'd world no more ſhould need;
He ſaw a greater ſun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear.

VIII.

The ſhepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat ſimply chatting in a ruſtic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or elſe their ſheep,
Was all that did their ſilly thoughts ſo buſy keep.

IX.

When ſuch muſic ſweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger ſtrook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Anſw'ring the ſtringed noiſe,
As all their ſouls in bliſsful rapture took:
The air ſuch pleaſure loth to loſe,
With thouſand echoes ſtill prolongs each heav'nly cloſe.

X.

Nature that heard ſuch ſound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's ſeat, the aery region thrilling,
Now was almoſt won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its laſt fulfilling;
She knew ſuch harmony alone
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

XI.

At laſt ſurrounds their ſight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the ſhame-fac'd Night ar-
The helmed cherubim, [ray'd;
And ſworded ſeraphim,
Are ſeen in glittering ranks with wings diſplay'd,
Harping in loud and ſolemn quire,
With unexpreſſive notes to Heav'n's new-born Heir.

XII.

Such muſic (as 'tis ſaid)
Before was never made,
But when of old the ſons of Morning ſung,
While the Creator great
His conſtellations ſet,
And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung,
And caſt the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out ye cryſtal ſpheres,
Once bleſs our human ears,
(If ye have power to touch our ſenſes ſo)
And let your ſilver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the baſe of Heav'n's deep organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full conſort to th' angelic ſymphony.

XIV.

For if ſuch holy ſong
Inwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of Gold,
And ſpeckled Vanity
Will ſicken ſoon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mold,
And Hell itſelf will paſs away,
And leave her dolorous manſions to the peering day.

XV.

Yea Truth and Juſtice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and like glories wearing
Mercy will ſit between,
Thron'd in celeſtial ſheen,
With radiant feet the tiſſued clouds down ſteering,
And Heav'n, as at ſome feſtival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

XVI.

But wiſeſt Fate ſays no,
This muſt not yet be ſo,
The Babe lies yet in ſmiling infancy,
That on the bitter croſs
Muſt redeem our loſs;
So both himſelf and us to glorify:
Yet firſt to thoſe ychain'd in ſleep,
The wakeful trump of Doom muſt thunder through the deep,

XVII.

With ſuch a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire, and ſmouldring clouds out brake:
The aged Earth aghaſt,
With terror of that blaſt,
Shall from the ſurface to the center ſhake;
When at the world's laſt ſeſſion,
The dreadful Judge in middle air ſhall ſpread his throne.

XVIII.

And then at laſt our bliſs
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day
Th' old Dragon under ground
In ſtraiter limits bound,
Not half ſo far caſts his uſurped ſway,
And wroth to ſee his kingdom fail,
Swindges the ſcaly horror of his folded tail,

XIX.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his ſhrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow ſhriek the ſteep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance or breathed ſpell
Inſpires the pale-ey'd Prieſt from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the reſounding ſhore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted ſpring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with ſighing ſent;
With flower-inwoven treſſes torn
The nymphs in twilight ſhade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI.

In conſecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying ſound
Affrights the Flamens at their ſervice quaint;
And the chill marble ſeems to ſweat,
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted ſeat.

XXII.

Peor and Baälim
Forſake their temples dim,
With that twice batter'd god of Paleſtine;
And mooned Aſhtaroth,
Heav'n's queen and mother both,
Now ſits not girt with tapers' holy ſhine;
The Lybic Hammon ſhrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

XXIII.

And ſullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in ſhadows dread
His burning idol all of blackeſt hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the griſly King,
In diſmal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutiſh gods of Nile as faſt,
Iſis and Orus, and the dog Anubis haſte.

XXIV.

Nor is Oſiris ſeen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unſhow'r'd graſs with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at reſt
Within his ſacred cheſt,
Nought but profoundeſt Hell can be his ſhroud;
In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark
The ſable-ſtoled ſorcerers bear his worſhipt ark.

XXV.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his duſky eyn;
Nor all the gods beſide,
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in ſnaky twine:
Our Babe to ſhow his Godhead true,
Can in his ſwadling bands control the damned crew.

XXVI.

So when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
  Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking ſhadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
  Each fetter'd ghoſt ſlips to his ſeveral grave,
And the yellow-ſkirted Fayes
Fly after the night-ſteeds, leaving their moon-lov'd maze.

XXVII.

But ſee the Virgin bleſt
Hath laid her Babe to reſt,
  Time is our tedious ſong ſhould here have ending:
Heav'n's youngeſt teemed ſtar
Hath fix'd her poliſh'd car,
  Her ſleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending:
And all about the courtly ſtable
Bright-harneſt angels ſit in order ſerviceable.

IV. *The Paſſion.*

I.

Erewhile of muſic, and ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the ſtage of air and earth did ring,
And joyous news of heav'nly Infant's birth,
My Muſe with angels did divide to ſing;
But headlong Joy is ever on the wing,
  In wintry ſolſtice like the ſhorten'd light
Soon ſwallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II.

For now to ſorrow muſt I tune my ſong,
And ſet my harp to notes of ſaddeſt woe,
Which on our deareſt Lord did ſeiſe ere long,
Dangers, and ſnares, and wrongs, and worſe than ſo,
Which he for us did freely undergo:
  Moſt perfect Hero, try'd in heavieſt plight
Of labors huge and hard, too hard for human wight!

III.

He ſov'ran Prieſt ſtooping his regal head,
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleſhly tabernacle entered,
His ſtarry front low-rooft beneath the ſkies;
O what a maſk was there, what a diſguiſe!
  Yet more; the ſtroke of death he muſt abide,
Then lies him meekly down faſt by his brethren's ſide.

IV.

Theſe lateſt ſcenes confine my roving verſe,
To this horizon is my Phœbus bound;
His godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former ſufferings other where are found;
Loud o'er the reſt Cremona's trump doth ſound;
  Me ſofter airs befit, and ſofter ſtrings
Of lute, or viol ſtill, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me Night, beſt patroneſs of grief,
Over the pole thy thickeſt mantle throw,

And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That Heav'n and Earth are color'd with my woe;
My ſorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves ſhould all be black whereon I write,
And letters where my tears have waſh'd a wanniſh white.

VI.

See, ſee the chariot, and thoſe ruſhing wheels,
That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood,
My ſpirit ſome tranſporting cherub feels,
To bear me where the towers of Salem ſtood,
Once glorious towers, now ſunk in guiltleſs blood;
There doth my ſoul in holy viſion ſit
In penſive trance, and anguiſh, and ecſtatic fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that ſad ſepulchral rock
That was the caſket of Heav'n's richeſt ſtore,
And here though grief my feeble hands uplock,
Yet on the ſoften'd quarry would I ſcore
My plaining verſe as lively as before;
For ſure ſo well inſtructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

VIII.

Or ſhould I thence hurried on viewleſs wing,
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and ſpring
Would ſoon unboſom all their echoes mild,
And I (for grief is eaſily beguil'd)

Might think th' infection of my ſorrows loud
Had got a race of mourners on ſome pregnant cloud.

[*This ſubject the Author finding to be above the years he had, when he wrote it, and nothing ſatisfied with what was begun, left it unfiniſhed.*]

V. *On Time.*

FLY envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-ſtepping Hours,
Whoſe ſpeed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
And glut thyſelf with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is falſe and vain,
And merely mortal droſs;
So little is our loſs,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou haſt intomb'd,
And laſt of all thy greedy ſelf conſum'd,
Then long eternity ſhall greet our bliſs
With an individual kiſs;
And joy ſhall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is ſincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With truth, and peace, and love, ſhall ever ſhine
About the ſupreme throne
Of him, to' whoſe happy-making ſight alone
When once our heav'nly-guided ſoul ſhall clime,
Then all this earthy groſſneſs quit,
Attir'd with ſtars, we ſhall for ever ſit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O Time.

VI. *Upon the Circumciſion.*

Ye flaming Powers, and winged Warriors bright
That erſt with muſic and triumphant ſong,
Firſt heard by happy watchful ſhepherds' ear,
So ſweetly ſung your joy the clouds along
Through the ſoft ſilence of the liſt'ning Night;
Now mourn, and if ſad ſhare with us to bear
Your fiery eſſence can diſtil no tear,
Burn in your ſighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep ſorrow:
He who with all Heav'n's heraldry whilere
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us eaſe;
Alas, how ſoon our ſin
Sore doth begin
His infancy to ſeiſe!
O more exceeding love or law more juſt?
Juſt law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightful doom remedileſs
Were loſt in death, till he that dwelt above
High thron'd in ſecret bliſs, for us frail duſt
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedneſs;
And that great covenant which we ſtill tranſgreſs
Entirely ſatisfied,
And the full wrath beſide
Of vengeful Juſtice bore for our exceſs,
And ſeals obedience firſt with wounding ſmart
This day, but O ere long
Huge pangs and ſtrong
Will pierce more near his heart.

VII. *At a solemn music.*

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
And to our high-rais'd phantasy present
That undisturbed song of pure concent,
Ay sung before the saphir-color'd throne
To him that sits thereon
With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee,
Where the bright seraphim in burning row
Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly;
That we on earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportion'd Sin
Jarr'd against Nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long

To his celeſtial conſort us unite,
To live with him, and ſing in endleſs morn of light.

VIII. *An epitaph on the Marchioneſs of Wincheſter.*

This rich marble doth inter
The honor'd wife of Wincheſter,
A Viſcount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
Beſides what her virtues fair
Added to her noble birth,
More than ſhe could own from earth.
Summers three times eight ſave one
She had told; alas too ſoon,
After ſo ſhort time of breath,
To houſe with darkneſs, and with death.
Yet had the number of her days
Been as complete as was her praiſe,
Nature and Fate had had no ſtrife
In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth, and her graces ſweet
Quickly found a lover meet;
The virgin quire for her requeſt
The god that ſits at marriage feaſt;
He at their invoking came
But with a ſcarce well-lighted flame;
And in his garland as he ſtood
Ye might diſcern a cypreſs bud.
Once had the early matrons run
To greet her of a lovely ſon,

And now with second hope she goes,
And calls Lucina to her throes;
But whether by mischance or blame
Atropos for Lucina came;
And with remorseless cruelty
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:
The hapless babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
And the languish'd mother's womb
Was not long a living tomb.
So have I seen some tender slip,
Sav'd with care from Winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
Who only thought to crop the flow'r
New shot up from vernal show'r;
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Side-ways as on a dying bed,
And those pearls of dew she wears,
Prove to be presaging tears,
Which the sad Morn had let fall
On her hast'ning funeral.
Gentle Lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this thy travel sore
Sweet rest seise thee evermore,
That to give the world increase,
Shortned hast thy own life's lease.

Here, beſides the ſorrowing
That thy noble houſe doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon,
And ſome flowers, and ſome bays,
For thy herſe, to ſtrow the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name;
Whilſt thou, bright Saint, high ſitſt in glory,
Next her much like to thee in ſtory,
That fair Syrian ſhepherdeſs,
Who after years of barrenneſs,
The highly favour'd Joſeph bore
To him that ſerv'd for her before,
And at her next birth much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the boſom bright
Of blazing Majeſty and Light:
There with thee, new welcome ſaint,
Like fortunes may her ſoul acquaint
With thee there clad in radiant ſheen,
No Marchioneſs, but now a Queen.

IX. *Song. On May morning.*

Now the bright morning ſtar, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the Eaſt, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowſlip, and the pale primroſe.

Hail bounteous May that doſt inſpire
Mirth and youth and warm deſire;
Woods and groves are of thy dreſſing,
Hill and dale doth boaſt thy bleſſing.
Thus we ſalute thee with our early ſong,
And welcome thee, and wiſh thee long.

X. *On Shakeſpeare*, 1630.

What needs my Shakeſpeare for his honor'd bones
The labor of an age in piled ſtones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques ſhould be hid
Under a ſtary-pointing pyramid?
Dear ſon of Memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'ſt thou ſuch weak witneſs of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and aſtoniſhment
Haſt built thyſelf a live-long monument.
For whilſt to th' ſhame of ſlow-endevoring Art
Thy eaſy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Thoſe Delphic lines with deep impreſſion took,
Then thou our fancy of itſelf bereaving,
Doſt make us marble with too much conceiving;
And ſo ſepúlcher'd in ſuch pomp doſt lie,
That kings for ſuch a tomb would wiſh to die.

XI. *On the univerſity carrier, who ſickened in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London, by reaſon of the plague.*

Here lies old Hobſon; Death hath broke his girt,
And here alas, hath laid him in the dirt,
Or elſe the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He 's here ſtuck in a ſlough, and overthrown.
'Twas ſuch a ſhifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten years full
Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
And ſurely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly courſe of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him ſo long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his lateſt inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlin
Show'd him his room where he muſt lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light:
If any aſk for him, it ſhall be ſaid,
Hobſon has ſupt, and 's newly gone to bed.

XII. *Another on the ſame.*

Here lieth one, who did moſt truly prove
That he could never die while he could move;
So hung his deſtiny, never to rot
While he might ſtill jog on and keep his trot,
Made of ſphere-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at ſtay.

Time numbers motion, (yet without a crime
'Gainſt old Truth) motion number'd out his time:
And like an engin mov'd with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceas'd, he ended ſtrait.
Reſt that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation haſten'd on his term.
Merely to drive the time away he ſicken'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd;
Nay, quoth he, on his ſwooning bed out-ſtretch'd,
If I mayn't carry, ſure I'll neer be fetch'd,
But vow, though the croſs doctors all ſtood hearers,
For one carrier put down to make ſix bearers.
Eaſe was his chief diſeaſe, and to judge right,
He dy'd for heavineſs that his cart went light:
His leiſure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burthenſome,
That ev'n to his laſt breath (there be that ſay 't)
As he were preſs'd to death, he cry'd more weight;
But had his doings laſted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.
Obedient to the moon he ſpent his date
In courſe reciprocal, and had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the ſeas,
Yet (ſtrange to think) his wain was his increaſe:
His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
Only remains this ſuperſcription.

XIII. *Ad Pyrrham. Ode V.*

Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam è naufragio enataverat, cujus amore irretitos, affirmat esse miseros.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,
        Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
        Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditiis? heu quoties fidem
Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera
        Nigris æquora ventis
        Emirabitur insolens!
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
Qui semper vacuam semper amabilem
        Sperat, nescius auræ
        Fallacis. Miseri quibus
Intentata nites. Me tabula sacer
Votiva paries indicat uvida
        Suspendisse potenti
        Vestimenta maris Deo.

XIII. *The Fifth Ode of Horace, Lib. I.*

Quis multa gracilis te puer in roſa, *rendered almoſt word for word without rhime, according to the Latin meaſure, as near as the language will permit.*

WHAT ſlender youth bedew'd with liquid odors
Courts thee on roſes in ſome pleaſant cave,
Pyrrha? for whom bind'ſt thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatneſs? O how oft ſhall he
On faith and changed gods complain, and ſeas
Rough with black winds and ſtorms
Unwonted ſhall admire!
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant always amiable
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapleſs they
To whom thou untry'd ſeem'ſt fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the ſacred wall declares to' have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the ſtern God of ſea.

XIV. *On the new forcers of conſcience under the Long Parlament.*

Because you have thrown off your Prelate lord,
And with ſtiff vows renounc'd his liturgy,
To ſeize the widow'd whore Plurality
From them whoſe ſin ye envied, not abhorr'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the civil ſword
To force our conſciences that Chriſt ſet free,
And ride us with a claſſic hierarchy
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford?
Men whoſe life, learning, faith and pure intent
Would have been held in high eſteem with Paul,
Muſt now be nam'd and printed Heretics
By ſhallow Edwards and Scotch What-d'ye-call:
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing worſe than thoſe of Trent,
That ſo the Parlament
May with their wholeſome and preventive ſhears
Clip your phylacteries, though bauk your ears,
And ſuccour our juſt fears,
When they ſhall read this clearly in your charge,
New Preſbyter is but Old Prieſt writ large.

SONNETS.

I. *To the Nightingale.*

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy ſpray
Warbleſt at eve, when all the woods are ſtill,
Thou with freſh hope the lover's heart doſt fill,
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that cloſe the eye of day,
Firſt heard before the ſhallow cuccoo's bill,
Portend ſucceſs in love; O if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy ſoft lay,
Now timely ſing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretel my hopeleſs doom in ſome grove nigh;
As thou from year to year haſt ſung too late
For my relief, yet hadſt no reaſon why:
Whether the Muſe, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I ſerve, and of their train am I.

II.

DONNA leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herboſa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Bene è colui d'ogni valore ſcarco
Qual tuo ſpirto gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente moſtra ſi di fuora
De ſui atti ſoavi giamai parco,
E i don', che ſon d'amor ſaette ed arco,
La onde l' alta tua virtu s'infiora.

Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover poſſa duro alpeſtre legno
Guardi ciaſcun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
L'entrata, chi di te ſi truova indegno;
Gratia ſola di ſu gli vaglia, inanti
Che'l diſio amoroſo al cuor s'invecchi.

III.

QUAL in colle aſpro, al imbrunir di ſera
L'avezza giovinetta paſtorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta ſtrana e bella
Che mal ſi ſpande a diſuſata ſpera
Fuor di ſua natia alma primavera,
Coſi Amor meco insù la lingua ſnella
Deſta il fior novo di ſtrania favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzoſamente altera,
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteſo
E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
Amor lo volſe, ed io a l'altrui peſo
Seppi ch' Amor coſa mai volſe indarno.
Deh! foſs' il mio cuor lento e'l duro ſeno
A chi pianta dal ciel ſi buon terreno.

Canzone.

RIDONSI donne e giovani amoroſi
M' accoſtandoſi attorno, e perche ſcrivi,
Perche tu ſcrivi in lingua ignota e ſtrana
Verſeggiando d' amor, e come t'oſi?
Dinne, ſe la tua ſpeme ſia mai vana,

E de penſieri lo miglior t' arrivi;
Coſi mi van burlando, altri rivi
Altri lidi t'aſpettan, et altre onde
Nelle cui verdi ſponde
Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
L'immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi
Perche alle ſpalle tue ſoverchia ſoma?
Canzon dirotti, e tu per me riſpondi
Dice mia Donna, e'l ſuo dir, é il mio cuore
Queſta e lingua di cui ſi vanta Amore.

IV.

Diodati, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
Quel ritroſo io ch'amor ſpreggiar ſolea
E de ſuoi lacci ſpeſſo mi ridea
Gia caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
Ne treccie d' oro, ne guancia vermiglia
M' abbaglian sì, ma ſotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti honeſti, e nelle ciglia
Quel ſereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d' una,
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemiſpero
Traviar ben puo la faticoſa Luna,
E degli occhi ſuoi auventa ſi gran fuoco
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi ſia poco.

V.

PER certo i bei voſtr' occhi, Donna mia
  Eſſer non puo che non ſian lo mio ſole
  Si mi percuoton forte, come ei ſuole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne ſentì pria)
  Da quel lato ſi ſpinge ove mi duole,
  Che forſe amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman ſoſpir; io non ſo che ſi ſia:
  Parte rinchiuſa, e turbida ſi cela
Scoſſo mi il petto, e poi n'uſcendo poco
  Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela;
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
  Tutte le notti a me ſuol far piovoſe
  Finche mia Alba rivien colma di roſe.

VI.

GIOVANE piano, e ſemplicetto amante
  Poi che fuggir me ſteſſo in dubbio ſono,
  Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
Farò divoto; io certo a prove tante
L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, coſtante,
  De penſieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
  Quando rugge il gran mondo, e ſcocca il tuono,
S'arma di ſe, e d'intero diamante,

Tanto del forſe e d' invidia ſicuro,
Di timori, e ſperanze al popol uſe
Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
E di cetta ſonora, e delle muſe:
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
Ove Amor miſe l'inſanabil ago.

VII. *On his being arriv'd to the age of twenty-three.*

How ſoon hath Time, the ſubtle thief of youth,
Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My haſting days fly on with full carreer,
But my late ſpring no bud or bloſſom ſhew'th.
Perhaps my ſemblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd ſo near,
And inward ripeneſs doth much leſs appear,
That ſome more timely-happy ſpirits indu'th.
Yet be it leſs or more, or ſoon or ſlow,
It ſhall be ſtill in ſtricteſt meaſure even
To that ſame lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;
All is, if I have grace to uſe it ſo,
As ever in my great Taſk-maſter's eye.

VIII. *When the aſſault was intended to the City.*

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whoſe chance on theſe defenceleſs doors may ſeiſe,
If deed of honor did thee ever pleaſe,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.

He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on ſuch gentle acts as theſe,
And he can ſpread thy name o'er lands and ſeas,
Whatever clime the ſun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy ſpear againſt the Muſes' bower:
The great Emathion conqueror bid ſpare
The houſe of Pindarus, when temple' and tower
Went to the ground: and the repeated air
Of ſad Electra's poet had the power
To ſave th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

IX. *To a virtuous young lady.*

Lady that in the prime of earlieſt youth
Wiſely hath ſhunn'd the broad way and the green,
And with thoſe few art eminently ſeen,
That labor up the hill of heav'nly Truth,
The better part with Mary and with Ruth
Choſen thou haſt; and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their ſpleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity' and ruth.
Thy care is fix'd, and zealouſly attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not ſhame. Therefore be ſure
Thou, when the bridegroom with his feaſtful friends
Paſſes to bliſs at the mid hour of night,
Haſt gain'd thy entrance, virgin wiſe and pure.

X. *To the Lady Margaret Ley.*

DAUGHTER to that good earl, once preſident
 Of England's council, and her treaſury,
 Who liv'd in both, unſtain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himſelf content,
Till ſad the breaking of that Parlament
 Broke him, as that diſhoneſt victory
 At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.
 Though later born than to have known the days
  Wherein your father floriſh'd, yet by you,
Madam, methinks I ſee him living yet;
 So well your words his noble virtues praiſe,
  That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to poſſeſs them, honor'd Margaret.

XI. *On the detraction which followed upon my writing certain treatiſes.*

A BOOK was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,
 And woven cloſe, both matter, form and ſtile;
 The ſubject new; it walk'd the Town a while,
Numb'ring good intellects; now ſeldom por'd on.
Cries the ſtall-reader, Bleſs us! what a word on
 A title page is this! and ſome in file
 Stand ſpelling falſe, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why is it harder Sirs than Gordon,

Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galaſp?
Thoſe rugged names to our like mouths grow ſleek,
That would have mede Quintilian ſtare and gaſp.
Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir John Cheek,
Hated not learning worſe than toad or aſp,
When thou taught'ſt Cambridge, and King Edward
[Greek.

XII. *On the ſame.*

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When ſtrait a barbarous noiſe environs me
Of owls and cuccoos, aſſes, apes and dogs:
As when thoſe hinds that were transform'd to frogs
Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the ſun and moon in fee.
But this is got by caſting pearl to hogs;
That bawl for freedom in their ſenſeleſs mood,
And ſtill revolt when Truth would ſet them free.
Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;
For who loves that, muſt firſt be wiſe and good;
But from that mark how far they rove we ſee
For all this waſte of wealth, and loſs of blood.

XIII. *To Mr. H. Lawes on his airs.*

Harry, whoſe tuneful and well-meaſur'd ſong
Firſt taught our Engliſh muſic how to ſpan
Words with juſt note and accent, not to ſcan
With Midas' ears, committing ſhort and long;

Thy worth and ſkill exempts thee from the throng,
  With praiſe enough for Envy to look wan;
  To after age thou ſhalt be writ the man
That with ſmooth air could'ſt humour beſt our tongue.
    Thou honor'ſt verſe, and Verſe muſt lend her wing
  To honor thee, the prieſt of Phœbus' quire,
That tun'ſt their happieſt lines in hymn or ſtory.
  Dante ſhall give Fame leave to ſet thee higher
    Than his Caſella, whom he woo'd to ſing
Met in the milder ſhades of Purgatory.

XIV. *On the religious memory of Mrs. Catharine Thomſon, my Chriſtian friend, deceas'd* 16 *Decem.* 1646.

When faith and love, which parted from thee never,
  Had ripen'd thy juſt ſoul to dwell with God.
  Meekly thou didſt reſign this earthly load
Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth ſever.
Thy works and alms and all thy good endevor
  Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod,
  But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliſs for ever.
  Love led them on, and Faith who knew them beſt
Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams
  And azure wings, that up they flew ſo dreſt
And ſpake the truth of thee on glorious themes
  Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee reſt
And drink thy fill of pure immortal ſtreams.

XV. *To the Lord General Fairfax.*

Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
  Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
  And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
And rumors loud, that daunt remotest kings,
Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
  Victory home, though new rebellions raise
  Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
  O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,
(For what can war, but endless war still breed?)
Till truth and right from violence be freed,
  And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
Of public fraud. In vain doth Valor bleed,
  While Avarice and Rapin share the land.

XVI. *To the Lord General Cromwell.*

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
  Not of war only, but detractions rude,
  Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
  Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,
  While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
  And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,

And Worceſter's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer ſtill; Peace hath her victories
No leſs renown'd than War: new foes ariſe
Threatning to bind our ſouls with ſecular chains:
Help us to ſave free conſcience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whoſe goſpel is their maw.

XVII. *To Sir Henry Vane the younger.*

VANE, young in years, but in ſage counſel old,
Than whom a better ſenator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms repell'd
The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
Whether to ſettle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow ſtates hard to be ſpell'd
Then to adviſe how War may beſt upheld
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage: beſides to know
Both ſpiritual power and civil, what each means,
What ſevers each, thou' haſt learn'd, which few have done:
The bounds of either ſword to thee we owe:
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldeſt ſon.

XVIII. *On the late maſſacre in Piemont.*

AVENGE, O Lord, thy ſlaughter'd ſaints, whoſe bones
Lie ſcatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Ev'n them who kept thy truth ſo pure of old,

When all our fathers worſhipt ſtocks and ſtones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy ſheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemonteſe that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and aſhes ſow
O'er all th' Italian fields, where ſtill doth ſway
The triple Tyrant; that from theſe may grow
A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

XIX. *On his blindneſs.*

When I conſider how my light is ſpent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me uſeleſs, though my ſoul more bent
To ſerve therewith my Maker, and preſent
My true account, leſt he returning chide;
Doth God exact day-labor, light deny'd,
I fondly aſk? but patience to prevent
That murmur, ſoon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who beſt
Bear his mild yoke, they ſerve him beſt: his ſtate
Is kingly; thouſands at his bidding ſpeed,
And poſt o'er land and ocean without reſt;
They alſo ſerve who only ſtand and wait.

XX. *To Mr. Lawrence.*

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous ſon,
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where ſhall we ſometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waſte a ſullen day, what may be won
From the hard ſeaſon gaining? time will run
On ſmoother, till Favonius re-inſpire
The frozen earth, and clothe in freſh attire
The lily' and roſe, that neither ſow'd nor ſpun.
What neat repaſt ſhall feaſt us, light and choice,
Of Attic taſte, with wine, whence we may riſe
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuſcan air?
He who of thoſe delights can judge, and ſpare
To interpoſe them oft, is not unwiſe.

XXI. *To Cyriac Skinner.*

Cyriac, whoſe grandſire on the royal bench
Of Britiſh Themis, with no mean applauſe
Pronounc'd and in his volumes taught our laws,
Which others at their bar ſo often wrench;
To day deep thoughts reſolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
Let Euclid reſt and Archimedes pauſe,
And what the Swede intends, and what the French,

To meaſure life learn thou betimes, and know
Tow'ard ſolid good what leads the neareſt way;
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And diſapproves that care, though wiſe in ſhow:
That with ſuperfluous burden loads the day,
And when God ſends a cheerful hour refrains.

XXII. *To the ſame.*

Cyriac, this three years day theſe eyes, tho' clear,
To outward view, of blemiſh or of ſpot,
Bereſt of light their ſeeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth ſight appear
Of ſun, or moon, or ſtar throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Againſt Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but ſtill bear up and ſteer
Right onward. What ſupports me? doſt thou aſk;
The conſcience, Friend, to' have loſt them overply'd
In Liberty's defence, my noble taſk,
Of which all Europe talks from ſide to ſide. [maſk
This thought might lead me thro' the world's vain
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

XXIII. *On his deceaſed wife.*

Methought I ſaw my late eſpouſed ſaint
Brought to me like Alceſtis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great ſon to her glad huſband gave,
Reſcued from death by force, though pale and faint.

Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint
  Purification in the old Law did save,
  And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heav'n without restraint,
  Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight
  Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
  But O as to embrace me she inclin'd,
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

PSALMS.

Pſalm I. *Done into verſe*, 1653.

Bless'd is the man who hath not walk'd aſtray
In counſel of the wicked, and i' th' way
Of ſinners hath not ſtood, and in the ſeat
Of ſcorners hath not ſat. But in the great
Jehovah's law is ever his delight,
And in his law he ſtudies day and night.
He ſhall be as a tree which planted grows
By watry ſtreams, and in his ſeaſon knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf ſhall not fall,
And what he takes in hand ſhall proſper all.
Not ſo the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, ſo the wicked ſhall not ſtand
In judgment, or abide their trial then,
Nor ſinners in th' aſſembly of juſt men.
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the juſt,
And the way of bad men to ruin muſt.

Pſalm II. *Done Aug.* 8. 1653. *Terzette.*

Why do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
  Muſe a vain thing, the kings of th' earth upſtand
With power, and princes in their congregations
  Lay deep their plots together,through each land

Againſt the Lord and his Meſſiah dear?
 Let us break off, ſay they, by ſtrength of hand
Their bonds, and caſt from us, no more to wear
 Their twiſted cords: he who in Heav'n doth dwell
Shall laugh, the Lord ſhall ſcoff them, then ſevere
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
And fierce ire trouble them; but I, ſaith he,
 Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
On Sion my holy' hill. A firm decree
 I will declare; the Lord to me hath ſaid
Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee
 This day; aſk of me, and the grant is made;
As thy poſſeſſion I on thee beſtow
 Th' Heathen, and as thy conqueſt to be ſway'd
Earth's utmoſt bounds; them ſhalt thou bring full low
 With iron ſcepter bruis'd, and them diſperſe
Like to a potter's veſſel ſhiver'd ſo.
 And now be wiſe at length ye Kings averſe,
Be taught ye Judges of the earth; with fear
 Jehovah ſerve, and let your joy converſe
With trembling; kiſs the Son leſt he appear
 In anger and ye periſh in the way,
If once his wrath take fire like fuel ſere.
 Happy all thoſe who have in him their ſtay.

Pſalm III. *Aug.* 9. 1653. *When he fled from Abſalom.*

Lord how many are my foes?
How many thoſe
That in arms againſt me riſe!
Many are they
That of my life diſtruſtfully thus ſay,
No help for him in God there lies.
But thou Lord art my ſhield, my glory,
Thee through my ſtory
Th' exalter of my head I count;
Aloud I cry'd
Unto Jehovah, he full ſoon reply'd
And heard me from his holy mount.
I lay and ſlept, I wak'd again,
For my ſuſtain
Was the Lord. Of many millions
The populous rout
I fear not, though incamping round about
They pitch againſt me their pavilions.
Riſe, Lord, ſave me my God, for thou
Haſt ſmote ere now
On the cheek-bone all my foes,
Of men abhorr'd
Haſt broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;
Thy bleſſing on thy people flows.

Psalm IV. *Aug.* 10. 1653.

ANSWER me when I call,
God of my righteousness,
In straits and in distress
Thou didst me disinthral
And set at large; now spare,
Now pity me, and hear my earnest pray'r.
Great ones how long will ye
My glory have in scorn,
How long be thus forborn
Still to love vanity,
To love, to seek, to prize
Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies?
Yet know the Lord hath chose,
Chose to himself apart,
The good and meek of heart
(For whom to chuse he knows)
Jehovah from on high
Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.
Be aw'd, and do not sin,
Speak to your hearts alone,
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within.
Offer the offerings just
Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.

Many there be that ſay
  Who yet will ſhow us good?
  Talking like this world's brood;
But, Lord, thus let me pray,
  On us lift up the light,
  Lift up the favor of thy count'nance bright.
Into my heart more joy
  And gladneſs thou haſt put,
  Than when a year of glut
Their ſtores doth over-cloy,
  And from their plenteous grounds
  With vaſt increaſe their corn and wine abounds.
In peace at once will I
  Both lay me down and ſleep,
  For thou alone doſt keep
Me ſafe where'er I lie;
  As in a rocky cell
  Thou Lord alone in ſafety mak'ſt me dwell.

Pſalm v. *Aug.* 12. 1653.

JEHOVAH to my words give ear,
  My meditation weigh,
The voice of my complaining hear
  My King and God; for unto thee I pray.
Jehovah thou my early voice
  Shalt in the morning hear,
I' th' morning I to thee with choice
  Will rank my pray'rs, and watch till thou appear,

For thou art not a God that takes
  In wickedneſs delight,
Evil with thee no biding makes,
  Fools or mad men ſtand not within thy ſight.
All workers of iniquity
  Thou hat'ſt; and them unbleſt
Thou wilt deſtroy that ſpeak a lie;
  The bloody' and guileful man God doth deteſt.
But I will in thy mercies dear
  Thy numerous mercies go
Into thy houſe; I in thy fear
  Will tow'ards thy holy temple worſhip low.
Lord lead me in thy righteouſneſs,
  Lead me becauſe of thoſe
That do obſerve if I tranſgreſs,
  Set thy ways right before, where my ſtep goes.
For in his faltring mouth unſtable
  No word is firm or ſooth;
Their inſide, troubles miſerable;
  An open grave their throat, their tongue they ſmooth.
God, find them guilty, let them fall
  By their own counſels quell'd;
Puſh them in their rebellions all
  Still on; for againſt thee they have rebell'd.
Then all who truſt in thee ſhall bring
  Their joy, while thou from blame
Defend'ſt them, they ſhall ever ſing
  And ſhall triumph in thee, who love thy name.

For thou Jehovah wilt be found
  To bleſs the juſt man ſtill,
As with a ſhield thou wilt ſurround
  Him with thy laſting favor and good will.

Pſalm VI. *Aug.* 13. 1653.

Lord in thine anger do not reprehend me,
  Nor in thy hot diſpleaſure me correct;
  Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
And very weak and faint; heal and amend me:
For all my bones, that ev'n with anguiſh ake,
  Are troubled, yea my ſoul is troubled ſore,
  And thou, O Lord, how long? turn Lord, reſtore
My ſoul, O ſave me for thy goodneſs' ſake:
For in death no remembrance is of thee;
  Who in the grave can celebrate thy praiſe?
  Wearied I am with ſighing out my days,
Nightly my couch I make a kind of ſea;
My bed I water with my tears; mine eye
  Through grief conſumes, is waxen old and dark
  I'th' midſt of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart all ye that work iniquity,
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
  The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my pray'r,
  My ſupplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.

Mine enemies ſhall all be blank and daſh'd
With much confuſion; then grown red with ſhame,
They ſhall return in haſte the way they came,
And in a moment ſhall be quite abaſh'd.

Pſalm VII. *Aug.* 14. 1653.

Upon the words of Cuſh the Benjamite againſt him.

LORD my God to thee I fly,
Save me and ſecure me under
Thy protection while I cry,
Leſt as a lion (and no wonder)
He haſte to tear my ſoul aſunder,
Tearing and no reſcue nigh.
Lord my God if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedneſs
Be in my hands, if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace,
Or to him have render'd leſs,
And not freed my foe for nought;
Let th' enemy purſue my ſoul
And overtake it, let him tread
My life down to the earth and roll
In the duſt my glory dead,
In the duſt and there out-ſpread
Lodge it with diſhonor foul.
Riſe Jehovah in thine ire,
Rouſe thyſelf amidſt the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire;

And wake for me, their fury' aſſwage;
Judgment here thou didſt engage
And command which I deſire.
So th' aſſemblies of each nation
Will ſurround thee, ſeeking right,
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high and in their ſight.
Jehovah judgeth moſt upright
All people from the world's foundation.
Judge me Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteouſneſs,
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cauſe at length to ceaſe
Of evil men the wickedneſs
And their pow'r that do amiſs.
But the juſt eſtabliſh faſt,
Since thou art the juſt God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is caſt
My defenſe, and in him lies,
In him who both juſt and wiſe
Saves th' upright of heart at laſt.
God is a juſt judge and ſevere,
And God is every day offended;
If the unjuſt will not forbear,
His ſword he whets, his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute.) Behold
He travels big with vanity,
Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mold
Hath at length brought forth a lie.
He digg'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
And fell into the pit he made;
His mischief that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.
Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise,
And sing the Name and Deity
Of Jehovah the Most High.

Psalm VIII. *Aug.* 14. 1653.

O JEHOVAH our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!
So as above the Heav'ns thy praise to set
Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.
Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,
To stint th' enemy, and slack th' avengers' brow,
That bends his rage thy providence to' oppose.

When I behold thy Heav'ns, thy fingers' art,
The moon and ſtars which thou ſo bright haſt ſet
In the pure firmament, then ſaith my heart,
O what is man that thou remembreſt yet,
And think'ſt upon him; or of man begot,
That him thou viſit'ſt, and of him art found?
Scarce to be leſs than gods, thou mad'ſt his lot,
With honor and with ſtate thou haſt him crown'd.
O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'ſt him lord,
Thou haſt put all under his lordly feet,
All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,
All beaſts that in the field or foreſt meet,
Fowl of the Heav'ns, and fiſh that through the wet
Sea paths in ſhoals do ſlide, and know no dearth.
O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

Nine of the Pſalms done into meter, wherein all, but what is in a different character, are the very words of the text, tranſlated from the original. April 1648. J. M.

Pſalm LXXX.

1 Thou Shepherd that doſt Iſrael *keep*
Give ear *in time of need*,
Who leadeſt like a flock of ſheep
Thy loved Joſeph's ſeed,
That ſitſt between the cherubs *bright*,
Between their wings out-ſpread,
Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light*,
And on our foes thy dread.

2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
And in Manaffe's fight,
Awake * thy ftrength, come, and *be feen* * *Gnorerú.*
To fave us by thy might.
3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
To us O God *vouchfafe;*
Caufe thou thy face on us to fhine,
And then we fhall be fafe.
4 Lord God of Hofts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy * fmoking wrath, *and angry brow* * *Guafhania.*
Againft thy people's pray'r!
5 Thou feed'ft them with the bread of tears,
Their bread with tears they eat,
And mak'ft them * largely drink the tears * *Shalifh.*
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.
6 A ftrife thou mak'ft us *and a prey*
To every neighbour foe,
Among themfelves they * laugh, they * play,
And * flouts at us they throw. * *Jilgnagu.*
7 Return us, *and thy grace divine*
O God of Hofts *vouchfafe,*
Caufe thou thy face on us to fhine,
And then we fhall be fafe.
8 A vine from Egypt thou haft brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
And drov'ft out nations, *proud and haut,*
To plant this *lovely* vine.

9 Thou didſt prepare for it a place,
And root it deep and faſt,
That it *began to grow apace*,
And fill'd the land *at laſt*.
10 With her *green* ſhade that cover'd *all*,
The hills were *over-ſpread*,
Her boughs as *high as* cedars tall
Advanc'd their lofty head.
11 Her branches *on the weſtern ſide*
Down to the ſea ſhe ſent,
And *upward* to that river *wide*
Her other branches *went*.
12 Why haſt thou laid her hedges low,
And broken down her fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudeſt violence?
13 The *tuſked* boar out of the wood
Up turns it by the roots,
Wild beaſts there brouze, and make their food
Her grapes and tender ſhoots.
14 Return now, God of Hoſts, look down
From Heav'n, thy ſeat divine,
Behold *us*, *but without a frown*,
And viſit this *thy* vine.
15 Viſit this vine, which thy right hand
Hath ſet, and planted *long*,
And the young branch, that for thyſelf
Thou haſt made firm and ſtrong.

16 But now it is consum'd with fire,
And cut *with axes* down,
They perish at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
17 Upon the Man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid*,
Upon the Son of man, whom thou
Strong for thyself hast made.
18 So shall we not go back from thee
To ways of sin and shame,
Quicken us thou, then *gladly* we
Shall call upon thy name.
19 Return us, *and thy grace divine*
Lord God of Hosts *vouchsafe*,
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

Psalm LXXXI.

1 To God our strength sing loud, *and clear*,
Sing loud to God *our King*,
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear*,
Loud acclamations ring.
2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,
The timbrel hither bring,
The *cheerful* psaltry bring along,
And harp *with* pleasant *string*.

3 Blow, *as is wont*, in the new moon
  With trumpets' *lofty ſound*,
Th' appointed time, the day whereon
  Our ſolemn feaſt *comes round*.
4 This was a ſtatute *giv'n of old*
  For Iſrael *to obſerve*,
A law of Jacob's God, *to hold*,
  From whence they might not ſwerve.
5 This he a teſtimony' ordain'd
  In Joſeph, *not to change*,
When as he paſs'd through Egypt land;
  The tongue I heard was ſtrange.
6 From burden, *and from ſlaviſh toil*
  I ſet his ſhoulder free:
His hands from pots, *and miry ſoil*,
  Deliver'd were *by me*.
7 When trouble did thee ſore aſſail,
  On me then didſt thou call,
And I to free thee *did not fail*,
  And led thee out of thrall.
I anſwer'd thee in * thunder deep * *Be ſether ragnam.*
  With clouds incompaſs'd round;
I try'd thee at the water *ſteep*
  Of Meriba *renown'd*.
8 Hear, O my people, *hearken well*,
  I teſtify to thee,
Thou ancient ſtock of Iſrael,
  If thou wilt liſt to me,

9 Throughout the land of thy abode
  No alien god ſhall be,
Nor ſhalt thou to a foreign god
  In honor bend thy knee.
10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
  Thee out of Egypt land;
Aſk large enough, and I, *beſought*,
  Will grant thy full demand.
11 And yet my people would not *hear*
  Nor hearken to my voice;
And Iſrael, *whom I lov'd ſo dear*,
  Miſlik'd me for his choice.
12 Then did I leave them to their will,
  And to their wand'ring mind;
Their own conceits they follow'd ſtill,
  Their own devices blind.
13 O that my people would *be wiſe*,
  To ſerve me *all their days*,
And O that Iſrael would *adviſe*
  To walk my *righteous* ways!
14 Then would I ſoon bring down their foes,
  That now ſo proudly riſe,
And turn my hand againſt *all thoſe*
  That are their enemies.
15 Who hate the Lord ſhould *then be fain*
  To bow to him and bend,
But *they*, *his people*, *ſhould remain*,
  Their time ſhould have no end.

16 And he would feed them *from the flock*
With flour of fineſt wheat,
And ſatisfy them from the rock
With honey *for their meat.*

Pſalm LXXXII.

1 GOD in the * great * aſſembly ſtands ** Bagnadath-el.*
Of kings and lordly ſtates,
* Among the gods, * on both his hands ** Bekerev.*
He judges and debates.
2 How long will ye * pervert the right
With * judgment falſe and wrong, ** Tiſhphetu gnavel.*
Favoring the wicked *by your might,*
Who thence grow bold and ſtrong?
3 * Regard the * weak and fatherleſs,
* Diſpatch the * poor man's cauſe, ** Shiphtu-dal.*
And † raiſe the man in deep diſtreſs
By † juſt and equal laws. *† Hatzdiku.*
4 Defend the poor and deſolate,
And reſcue from the hands
Of wicked men the low eſtate
Of him *that help demands.*
5 They know not, nor will underſtand,
In darkneſs they walk on,
The earth's foundations all are * mov'd,
And * out of order gone. ** Jimmutu.*

6 I said that ye were gods, yea all
The sons of God most high;
7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
As other princes *die*.
8 Rise God, * judge thou the earth *in might*,
This *wicked* earth * redress, * *Shiphta*.
For thou art he who shalt by right
The nations all possess.

Psalm LXXXIII.

1 BE not thou silent *now at length*,
O God hold not thy peace,
Sit thou not still O God *of strength*,
We cry, and do not cease.
2 For lo thy *furious* foes *now* * swell,
And * storm outrageously, * *Jehemajun*.
And they that hate thee *proud and fell*
Exalt their heads full high.
3 Against thy people they † contrive † *Jagnarimu*.
* Their plots and counsels deep, * *Sod*.
*Them to insnare they chiefly strive * *Jithjagnatsugnal*.
† Whom thou dost hide and keep. † *Tsephuneka*.
4 Come let us cut them off, say they,
Till they no nation be,
That Israel's name for ever may
Be lost in memory.

5 For they confult * with all their might, * *Lev jachdau.*
And all as one in mind
Themfelves againft thee they unite,
And in firm union bind.
6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of *fcornful* Ifhmael,
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the defert dwell,
7 Gebal and Ammon *there confpire*,
And *hateful* Amalec,
The Philiftins, and they of Tyre,
Whofe bounds the fea doth check.
8 With them *great* Afhur alfo bands
And doth confirm the knot:
All thefe have lent their armed hands
To aid the fons of Lot.
9 Do to them as to Midian *bold*,
That wafted all the coaft,
To Sifera, and as *is told*
Thou didft to Jabin's *hoft*,
When at the brook of Kifhon *old*
They were repuls'd and flain,
10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
As dung upon the plain.
11 As Zeb and Oreb evil fped,
So let their princes fpeed,
As Zeba, and Zalmunna *bled*,
So let their princes *bleed*.

12 *For they amidſt their pride* have ſaid,
By right now ſhall we ſeiſe
God's houſes, and *will now invade*
† Their ſtately palaces. † *Neoth Elohim* bears both.
13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,
No quiet let them find,
Giddy and *reſtleſs* let *them reel*
Like ſtubble from the wind.
14 As *when* an *aged* wood takes fire
Which on a ſudden ſtrays,
The *greedy* flames run higher and higher
Till all the mountains blaze,
15 So with thy whirlwind them purſue,
And with thy tempeſt chaſe;
16 † And till they † yield thee honor due,
Lord fill with ſhame their face.
† Heb. *They ſeek thy Name.*
17 Aſham'd and troubled let them be,
Troubled, and ſham'd for ever,
Ever confounded, and ſo die
With ſhame, *and 'ſcape it never.*
18 Then ſhall they know that thou whoſe name
Jehovah is alone,
Art the Moſt High, *and thou the ſame*
O'er all the earth *art one.*

Pſalm LXXXIV.

1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!
O Lord of Hoſts, how dear
The *pleaſant* tabernacles are,
Where thou doſt dwell ſo near!
2 My ſoul doth long and almoſt die
Thy courts O Lord to ſee,
My heart and fleſh aloud do cry,
O living God, for thee.
3 There ev'n the ſparrow *freed from wrong*
Hath found a houſe of *reſt*,
The ſwallow there, to lay her young
Hath built her *brooding* neſt,
Ev'n by thy altars, Lord of Hoſts,
They find their ſafe abode,
And home they fly from round the coaſts
Tow'ard thee, my King, my God.
4 Happy, who in thy houſe reſide,
Where thee they ever praiſe,
5 Happy, whoſe ſtrength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways.
6 They paſs through Baca's *thirſty* vale,
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watry dale
Where ſprings and ſhowers abound.

7 They journey on from ſtrength to ſtrength
With joy and gladſome cheer,
Till all before *our* God *at length*
In Sion do appear.
8 Lord God of Hoſts hear *now* my pray'r,
O Jacob's God give ear,
9 Thou God our ſhield look on the face
Of thy anointed *Dear*.
10 For one day in thy courts *to be*
Is better, *and more bleſt*,
Than *in the joys of vanity*
A thouſand days *at beſt*.
I in the temple of my God
Had rather keep a door,
Than dwell in tents, *and rich abode*,
With ſin *for evermore*.
11 For God the Lord both ſun and ſhield
Gives grace and glory *bright*,
No good from them ſhall be withheld
Whoſe ways are juſt and right.
12 Lord *God* of Hoſts *that reign'ſt on high*,
That man is *truly* bleſt,
Who *only* on thee doth rely,
And in thee only reſt.

Pſalm LXXXV.

1 THY land to favour graciouſly
Thou haſt not Lord been ſlack,
Thou haſt from *hard* captivity
Returned Jacob back.
2 Th' iniquity thou didſt forgive
That wrought thy people woe,
And all their ſin, *that did thee grieve*,
Haſt hid *where none ſhall know*.
3 Thine anger all thou hadſt remov'd,
And *calmly* didſt return
From thy † fierce wrath which we had prov'd
Far worſe than fire to burn.

† Heb. *The burning heat of thy wrath.*

4 God of our ſaving health and peace,
Turn us, and us reſtore,
Thine indignation cauſe to ceaſe
Tow'ard us, *and chide no more*.
5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus,
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us?
6 Wilt thou not * turn, and *hear our voice*,
And us again * revive, * Heb. *Turn to quicken us.*
That ſo thy people may rejoice
By thee preſerv'd alive.

7 Caufe us to fee thy goodnefs, Lord,
To us thy mercy fhew,
Thy faving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.
8 *And now* what God the Lord will fpeak,
I will *go ftrait and* hear,
For to his people he fpeaks peace,
And to his faints *full dear.*
To his dear faints he will fpeak peace,
But let them never more
Return to folly, *but furceafe*
To trefpafs as before.
9 Surely to fuch as do him fear
Salvation is at hand,
And glory fhall *ere long appear*
To dwell within our land.
10 Mercy and Truth *that long were mifs'd*
Now *joyfully* are met,
Sweet Peace and Righteoufnefs have kifs'd,
And hand in hand are fet.
11 Truth from the earth, *like to a flower,*
Shall bud and bloffom *then,*
And Juftice from her heav'nly bow'r
Look down *on mortal men.*
12 The Lord will alfo then beftow
Whatever thing is good,
Our land fhall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits *to be our food.*

13 Before him Righteouſneſs ſhall go
His royal harbinger,
Then * will he come, and not be ſlow,
His footſteps cannot err.

* Heb. *He will ſet his ſteps to the way.*

Pſalm LXXXVI.

1 Thy *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline,
O hear me *I thee pray*,
For I am poor, and almoſt pine
With need, *and ſad decay*.
2 Preſerve my ſoul, for † I have trod
Thy ways, and love the juſt,
Save thou thy ſervant, O my God,
Who *ſtill* in thee doth truſt.

† Heb. *I am good, loving, a doer of good and holy things.*

3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
I call; 4. O make rejoice
Thy ſervant's ſoul; for Lord to thee
I lift my ſoul *and voice*.
5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone
To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
To them that on thee call.
6 Unto my ſupplication, Lord,
Give ear, and to the cry
Of my *inceſſant* pray'rs afford
Thy hearing graciouſly.

7 I in the day of my diſtreſs
Will call on thee *for aid;*
For thou wilt *grant* me *free acceſs*,
And anſwer *what I pray'd.*
8 Like thee among the gods is none,
O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other gods have done
Like to thy *glorious* works.
9 The nations all whom thou haſt made
Shall come, *and all ſhall frame*
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.
10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy ſtrong hand are done,
Thou *in thy everlaſting ſeat*
Remaineſt God alone.
11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *moſt right*,
I in thy truth will bide,
To fear thy name my heart unite,
So ſhall it never ſlide.
12 Thee will I praiſe, O Lord my God,
Thee honor and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.
13 For great thy mercy is tow'ard me,
And thou haſt free'd my ſoul,
Ev'n from the loweſt Hell ſet free,
From deepeſt darkneſs foul.

14 O God, the proud againſt me riſe,
And violent men are met
To ſeek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have ſet.
15 But thou, Lord, art the God moſt mild,
Readieſt thy grace to ſhew,
Slow to be angry, and *art ſtil'd*
Moſt merciful, moſt true.
16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,
And me have mercy on,
Unto thy ſervant give thy ſtrength,
And ſave thy handmaid's ſon.
17 Some ſign of good to me afford,
And let my foes *then* ſee,
And be aſham'd, becauſe thou Lord
Doſt help and comfort me.

Pſalm LXXXVII.

1 AMONG the holy mountains *high*
Is his foundation faſt,
There ſeated is his ſanctuary,
His temple there is plac'd.
2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more
Than all the dwellings *fair*
Of Jacob's *land, though there be ſtore,*
And all within his care.

3 City of God, moſt glorious things
Of thee *abroad* are ſpoke;
4 I mention Egypt, *where proud kings*
Did our forefathers yoke.
I mention Babel to my friends,
Philiſtia *full of ſcorn*,
And Tyre with Ethiop's *utmoſt ends*,
Lo this man there was born:
5 But *twice that praiſe ſhall in our ear*
Be ſaid of Sion *laſt*,
This and this man was born in her,
High God ſhall fix her faſt.
6 The Lord ſhall write it in a ſcroll
That ne'er ſhall be out-worn,
When he the nations doth inroll,
That this man there was born.
7 Both they who ſing, and they who dance,
With ſacred ſongs are there,
In thee *freſh brooks, and ſoft ſtreams glance*,
And all my fountains *clear.*

Pſalm LXXXVIII.

1 LORD God that doſt me ſave and keep,
All day to thee I cry;
And all night long before thee *weep*,
Before thee *proſtrate lie.*

2 Into thy preſence let my pray'r
With ſighs devout aſcend,
And to my cries, that *ceaſeleſs are*,
Thine ear with favor bend.
3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble ſtore
Surcharg'd my ſoul doth lie,
My life *at Death's uncheerful door*
Unto the grave draws nigh.
4 Reckon'd I am with them that paſs
Down to the *diſmal* pit,
I am a * man, but weak alas,
And for that name unfit.

* Heb. *A man without manly ſtrength.*

5 From life diſcharg'd and parted quite
Among the dead to *ſleep*,
And like the ſlain *in bloody fight*
That in the grave lie *deep*,
Whom thou remembereſt no more,
Doſt never more regard,
Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er
Death's hideous houſe hath barr'd.
6 Thou in the loweſt pit *profound*
Haſt ſet me *all forlorn*,
Where thickeſt darkneſs *hovers round*,
In horrid deeps *to mourn.*
7 Thy wrath, *from which no ſhelter ſaves*,
Full ſore doth preſs on me;
* Thou break'ſt upon me all thy waves,
*And all thy waves break me. * *The Heb.* bears both.

8 Thou doſt my friends from me eſtrange,
And mak'ſt me odious,
Me to them odious, *for they change,*
And I here pent up thus.
9 Through ſorrow, and affliction great,
Mine eyes grow dim and dead,
Lord, all the day I thee intreat,
My hands to thee I ſpread.
10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,
Shall the deceas'd ariſe
And praiſe thee *from their loathſome bed*
With pale and hollow eyes?
11 Shall they thy loving kindneſs tell
On whom the grave *hath hold,*
Or they who in perdition *dwell,*
Thy faithfulneſs *unfold?*
12 In darkneſs can thy mighty *hand*
Or wondrous acts be known,
Thy juſtice in the *gloomy* land
Of *dark* oblivion?
13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
Ere yet my life be ſpent,
And *up to thee* my pray'r *doth hie*
Each morn, and thee prevent.
14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my ſoul forſake,
And hide thy face from me?
15 That am already bruis'd and † ſhake
With terror ſent from thee?

† Heb. *Præ concuſſione.*

Bruis'd, and afflicted, and *so low*
As ready to expire,
While I thy terrors undergo
Astonish'd with thine ire.
16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,
Thy threatnings cut me through:
17 All day they round about me go,
Like waves they me pursue.
18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd,
And sever'd from me far:
They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,
And as in darkness are.

A Paraphrase on Psalm CXIV.

This and the following Psalm were done by the Author at fifteen years old.

When the blest seed of Terah's faithful son
After long toil their liberty had won,
And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
His praise and glory was in Israel known.
That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,
As a faint host that hath receiv'd the foil.
The high, huge bellied mountains skip like rams
Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.

Why fled the ocean? and why ſkipt the mountains?
Why turned Jordan tow'ard his cryſtal fountains?
Shake Earth, and at the preſence be aghaſt
Of him that ever was, and ay ſhall laſt,
That glaſſy floods from rugged rocks can cruſh,
And make ſoft rills from fiery flint-ſtones guſh.

Pſalm CXXXVI.

Let us with a gladſome mind
Praiſe the Lord for he is kind,
  For his mercies ay endure,
  Ever faithful, ever ſure.
Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God;
  For his, &c.
O let us his praiſes tell,
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell.
  For his, &c.
Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed Heav'n and Earth to ſhake.
  For his, &c.
Who by his wiſdom did create
The painted Heav'ns ſo full of ſtate.
  For his, &c.
Who did the ſolid Earth ordain
To riſe above the watry plain.
  For his, &c.

Who by his all-commanding might
Did fill the new-made world with light.
  For his, &c.
And caus'd the golden-treſſed ſun
All the day long his courſe to run.
  For his, &c.
The horned moon to ſhine by night,
Amongſt her ſpangled ſiſters bright.
  For his, &c.
He with his thunder-claſping hand
Smote the firſt-born of Egypt land.
  For his, &c.
And in deſpite of Pharao fell,
He brought from thence his Iſrael.
  For his, &c.
The ruddy waves he cleſt in twain
Of the Erythræan main.
  For his, &c.
The floods ſtood ſtill like walls of glaſs,
While the Hebrew bands did paſs.
  For his, &c.
But full ſoon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power.
  For his, &c.
His choſen people he did bliſs
In the waſteful wilderneſs.
  For his, &c.

In bloody battel he brought down
Kings of prowefs and renown.
  For his, &c.
He foil'd bold Seon and his hoft,
That rul'd the Amorrean coaft.
  For his, &c.
And large-limb'd Og he did fubdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.
  For his, &c.
And to his fervant Ifrael
He gave their land therein to dwell.
  For his, &c.
He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our mifery.
  For his, &c.
And freed us from the flavery
Of the invading enemy.
  For his, &c.
All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand fupplies their need.
  For his, &c.
Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majefty and worth.
  For his, &c.
That his manfion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.
  For his mercies ay endure,
  Ever faithful, ever fure.

JOANNIS MILTONI

LONDINENSIS

POEMATA.

QUORUM PLERAQUE

INTRA

ANNUM ÆTATIS VIGESIMUM

CONSCRIPSIT.

HÆC quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eò quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita ferè solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupidè affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cum alii presertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimiæ laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibique quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, Neapolitanus, ad Joannem Miltonium Anglum.

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verùm hercle Angelus ipse fores.

Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum triplici poeseos laurea coronandum, Græca nimirum, Latina, atque Hetrusca, epigramma Joannis Salsilli Romani.

Cede Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

Græcia Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

Selvaggi.

Al Signior Gio. Miltoni nobile Ingleſe.

Ode.

Ergimi all' Etra ò Clio
Perche di ſtelle intreccierò corona
Non più del Biondo Dio
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona,
Dienſi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A' celeſte virtù celeſti pregi.
Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
Non puo l' oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelſo onore,
Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardof orte
Virtù m'adatti, e ferirò la morte.
Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia reſiede
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il ſuo valor l'umana eccede:
Queſta feconda ſà produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del ſovruman tra noi.
Alla virtù ſbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,
Quella gli è ſol gradita,
Perche in lei ſan trovar gioia, e diletto;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e moſtra in tanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinſe Zeuſi l' induſtre ardente brama;
Ch' udio d' Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee traſſe il più raro.
Coſi l'Ape Ingegnoſa
Trae con induſtria il ſuo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla roſa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce ſuon diverſe Chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.
Di bella gloria amenta
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgeſti a ricercar ſcienze, ed arti;
Del Gallo regnator vedeſti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi piu degni.
Fabro quaſi divino
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo penſiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il ſentiero;
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo ſceglica
Per fabbricar d' ogni virtu l'Idea.
Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Toſco appreſer l'arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,

Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.
Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano:
Ch'Ode oltr' all'Anglia il suo piu degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.
I piu profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' à Ingegni sovrumani
Troppo avaro tal' hor gli chiude, e serra,
Chiaromente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.
Non batta il Tempo l'ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un fermin si gl' anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;
Che s'opre degne di Poema o storia
Furon gia, l'hai presenti alla memoria.
Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch' io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,
In Tamigi il dirà che gl' e concesso
Per te suo cigno parreggiar Permesso.

I o che in riva del Arno
Tento ſpiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
Freno dunque la lingua, e aſcolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo ſtupore.

Del. Sig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo
Fiorentino.

JOANNI MILTONI

LONDINENSI,

Juveni patria, virtutibus eximio.

VIRO qui multa peregrinatione, ſtudia cuncta orbis terrarum loca perſpexit, ut novus Ulyſſes omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet:

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ ſic reviviſcunt, ut idiomata omnia ſint in ejus laudibus infacunda; et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et plauſus populorum ab propria ſapientia excitatos intelligat:

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporiſque ſenſus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipſam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plauſus hortantur, ſed venuſtate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in memoria totus orbis; in intellectu ſapientia; in voluntate ardor gloriæ; in ore eloquentia; harmonicos cæleſtium ſphærarum ſonitus aſtronomia duce audienti; characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo deſcribitur magiſtra philoſophia legenti; antiquitatum latebras, vetuſtatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite aſſidua autorum lectione,

Exquirenti, reſtaurenti, percurrenti.
At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non ſufficiant, nec hominum ſtupor in laudandis ſatis eſt, reverentiæ et amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert Carolus Deodatus Patricius Florentinus,

Tanto homini ſervus, tantæ virtutis amator.

ELEGIARUM.

LIBER PRIMUS.

Elegia prima, ad Carolum Deodatum.

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas;
Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Ceſtrenſis ab orâ
Vergivium prono quâ petit amne ſalum.
Multùm crede juvat terras aluiſſe remotas
Pectus amans noſtri, tamque fidele caput,
Quòdque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua ſodalem
Debet, at unde brevì reddere juſſa velit.
Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thameſis alluit undâ,
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura reviſere Camum,
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbraſque negantia molles,
Quàm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
Nec duri libet uſque minas perferre magiſtri
Cæteraque ingenio non ſubeunda meo.
Si ſit hoc exilium patrios adiiſſe penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata ſequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen, ſortemve recuſo,
Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tuliſſet
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;

Non tunc Ionio quicquam ceſſiſſet Homero,
  Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Muſis,
  Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
Excipit hinc feſſum ſinuoſi pompa theatri,
  Et vocat ad plauſus garrula ſcena ſuos.
Seu catus auditur ſenior, ſeu prodigus hæres,
  Seu procus, aut poſitâ caſſide miles adeſt,
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
  Detonat inculto barbara verba foro;
Sæpe vafer gnato ſuccurrit ſervus amanti,
  Et naſum rigidi fallit ubique patris;
Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores
  Quid ſit amor neſcit, dum quoque neſcit, amat.
Sive cruentatum furioſa Tragœdia ſceptrum
  Quaſſat, et effuſis crinibus ora rotat,
Et dolet, et ſpecto, juvat et ſpectaſſe dolendo,
  Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amaror ineſt:
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
  Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit,
Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor
  Conſcia funereo pectora torre movens,
Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, ſeu nobilis Ili,
  Aut luit inceſtos aula Creontis avos.
Sed neque ſub tecto ſemper nec in urbe latemus,
  Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ conſitus ulmo,
  Atque ſuburbani nobilis umbra oci.

Sæpius hic blandas ſpirantia ſidera flammas
  Virgineos videas preteriiſſe choros.
Ah quoties dignæ ſtupui miracula formæ
  Quæ poſſit ſenium vel reparare Jovis!
Ah quoties vidi ſuperantia lumina gemmas,
  Atque faſces quotquot volvit uterque polus;
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
  Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,
Et decus eximium frontis, tremuloſque capillos,
  Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor;
Pellaceſque genas, ad quos Hyacinthina ſordet,
  Purpura, et ipſe tui floris, Adoni, rubor!
Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
  Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
Cedite Achæmeniæ turritâ fronte puellæ,
  Et quot Suſa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
Vos etiam Danaæ faſces ſubmittite Nymphæ,
  Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.
Nec Pompeianas Tarpeia Muſa columnas
  Jactet, et Auſoniis plena theatra ſtolis.
Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
  Extera ſat tibi ſit fœmina poſſe ſequi.
Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum ſtructa colonis
  Turrigerum latè conſpicienda caput,
Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
  Quicquid formoſi pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot cœlo ſcintillant aſtra ſereno
  Endymioneæ turba miniſtra deæ,

Quot tibi conſpicuæ formáque auróque puellæ
  Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
Creditur huc geminis veniſſe invecta columbis
  Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
  Huic Paphon, et roſeam poſt habitura Cypron.
Aſt ego, dum pueri ſinit indulgentia cæci,
  Mœnia quàm ſubitò linquere fauſta paro;
Et vitare procul malefide infamia Circes
  Atria, divini Molyos uſus ope.
Stat quoque juncoſas Cami remeare paludes,
  Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ.
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
  Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

Elegia ſecunda, anno ætatis 17.

In obitum Præconis academici Cantabrigienſis.

Te, qui conſpicuus baculo fulgente ſolebas
  Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
Ultima præconum præconem te quoque ſæva
  Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipſa ſuo,
Candidiora licet fuerint tibe tempora plumis
  Sub quibus accipimus delituiſſe Jovem,
O dignus tamen Hæmonio juveneſcere ſucco,
  Dignus in Æſonios vivere poſſe dies,
Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
  Arte Coronides, ſæpe rogante dea.

Tu ſi juſſus eras acies accire togatas,
  Et celer à Phœbo nuncius ire tuo,
Talis in Iliacâ ſtabat Cyllenius aula
  Alipes, æthereâ miſſus ab arce Patris.
Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
  Retulit Atridæ juſſa ſevera ducis.
Magna ſepulchrorum regina, ſatelles Averni
  Sæva nimis Muſis, Palladi ſæva nimis,
Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,
  Turba quidem eſt telis iſta petenda tuis.
Veſtibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
  Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
Fundat et ipſa modos querebunda Elegëia triſtes,
  Perſonet et totis nænia mœſta ſcholis.

Elegia tertia, anno ætatis 17.

In obitum Præſulis Wintonienſis.

Moestus eram, et tacitus nullo comitante ſedebam,
  Hærebantque animo triſtia plura meo,
Protinus en ſubiit funeſtæ cladis imago
  Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina ſolo;
Dum procerum ingreſſa eſt ſplendentes marmore turres,
  Dira ſepulchrali mors metuenda face;
Pulſavitque auro gravidos et jaſpide muros,
  Nec metuit ſatrapum ſternere falce greges.
Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratriſque verendi
  Intempeſtivis oſſa cremata rogis;

Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
  Flevit et amiſſos Belgia tota duces.
At te præcipuè luxi digniſſime Præſul,
  Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;
Delicui fletu, et triſti ſic ore querebar,
  Mors fera Tartareo diva ſecunda Jovi,
Nonne ſatis quod ſylva tuas perſentiat iras,
  Et quod in herboſos jus tibi detur agros,
Quodque afflata tuo marceſcant lilia tabo,
  Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypridi ſacra roſa,
Nec finis ut ſemper fluvio contermina quercus
  Miretur lapſus prætereuntis aquæ?
Et tibi ſuccumbit liquido quæ plurima cœlo
  Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,
Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia ſylvis,
  Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
Invida, tanti tibi cum ſit conceſſa poteſtas;
  Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?
Nobileque in pectus certas acuiſſe ſagittas,
  Semideamque animam ſede fugâſſe ſuâ?
Talia dum lacrymans alto ſub pectore volvo,
  Roſcidus occiduis Heſperus exit aquis,
Et Tarteſſiaco ſubmerſerat æquore currum
  Phœbus, ab Eöo littore menſus iter.
Nec mora, membra cavo poſui refovenda cubili,
  Condiderant oculos noxque ſoporque meos:
Cum mihi viſus eram lato ſpatiarier agro,
  Heu nequit ingenium viſa referre meum.

Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent.
Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis,
Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
Ipse racimiferis dum densas vitibus umbras
Et pellucentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat,
Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;
Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
Insula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
Intremuit læto florea terra sono.
Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis,
Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ.
Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,
Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos;
Nate veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.
Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ,
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.

Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice ſomnos,
  Talia contingant ſomnia ſæpe mihi.

Elegia quarta, anno ætatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium præceptorem ſuum, apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, paſtoris munere fungentem.

Curre per immenſum ſubitó mea littera pontum,
  I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros;
Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obſtet eunti,
  Et feſtinantis nil remoretur iter.
Ipſe ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos
  Æolon, et virides ſollicitabo Deos,
Cæruleamque ſuis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
  Ut tibi dent placidam per ſua regna viam.
At tu, ſi poteris, celeres tibi ſume jugales,
  Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri;
Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
  Gratus Eleuſinâ miſſus ab urbe puer.
Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas
  Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
Dicitur occiſo quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
  Cimbrica quem fertur clava dediſſe neci.
Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
  Præſul Chriſticolas paſcere doctus oves;
Ille quidem eſt animæ pluſquam pars altera noſtræ,
  Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.
Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
  Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!

Charior ille mihi quàm tu doctiſſime Graium
  Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;
Quàmque Stagirites generoſo magnus alumno,
  Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyrëius Heros
  Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.
Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte receſſus
  Luſtrabam, et bifidi ſacra vireta jugi,
Pieriosque hauſi latices, Clioque favente,
  Caſtalio ſparſi læta ter ora mero.
Flammeus at ſignum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
  Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
Biſque novo terram ſparſiſti Chlori ſenilem
  Gramine, biſque tuas abſtulit Auſter opes:
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina paſcere vultu,
  Aut linguæ dulces aure bibiſſe ſonos.
Vade igitur, curſuque Eurum præverte ſonorum,
  Quàm ſit opus monitis res docet, ipſa vides.
Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè ſedentem,
  Mulcentum gremio pignora chara ſuo,
Forſitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum
  Verſantem, aut veri biblia ſacra Dei,
Cæleſtive animas ſaturantem rore tenellas,
  Grande ſalutiferæ religionis opus.
Utque ſolet, multam ſit dicere cura ſalutem,
  Dicere quam decuit, ſi modo adeſſet, herum.
Hæcquoque paulum oculosin humum defixa modeſtos
  Verba verecundo ſis memor ore loqui;

Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis,
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem;
Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit
Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.
Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.
Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,
Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
Supplicis ad mœstas delicuere preces.
Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.
Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor,
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.
Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
Et sata carne virûm jam cruor arva rigat;
Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,
Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos;

Perpetuòque comans jam deflorescit oliva,
 Fugit et ærisonam Diva perosa tubam,
Fugit io terris, et jam non ultima virgo
 Creditur ad superas justa volasse domos.
Te tamen intereà belli circumsonat horror,
 Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,
 Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
Patria dura parens, et saxis sævior albis
 Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,
Et finis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,
 Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!
Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
 Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
 Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
Talis et horrisono laceratus membra flagello,
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iësum
 Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.
At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,
 Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.

Sis etenim quamvis ſulgentibus obſitus armis,
  Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
  Deque tuo cuſpis nulla cruore bibet.
Namque eris ipſe Dei radiante ſub ægide tutus,
  Ille tibi cuſtos, et pugil ille tibi;
Ille Sionææ qui tot ſub mœnibus arcis
  Aſſyrios fudit nocte ſilente viros;
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
  Miſit ab antiquis priſca Damaſcus agris,
Terruit et denſas pavido cum rege cohortes,
  Aere dum vacuo buccina clara ſonat,
Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
  Currus arenoſam dum quatit actus humum,
Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentûm,
  Et ſtrepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virûm.
Et tu (quod ſupereſt miſeris) ſperare memento,
  Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;
Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
  Atque iterum patrios poſſe videre lares.

Elegia quinta, anno ætatis 20.

In adventum veris.

In ſe perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
  Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos;
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
  Jamque ſoluto gelu dulce vireſcit humus.

Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
  Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adeſt?
Munere veris adeſt, iterumque vigeſcit ab illo
  (Quis putet) atque aliquod jam ſibi poſcit opus.
Caſtalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
  Et mihi Pyrenen ſomnia nocte ferunt;
Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
  Et furo, et ſonitus me ſacer intùs agit.
Delius ipſe venit, video Penëide lauro
  Implicitòs crines, Delius ipſe venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
  Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;
Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,
  Et mihi fana patent interiora Deûm;
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
  Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.
Quid tam grande ſonat diſtento ſpiritus ore?
  Quid parit hæc rabies, quid ſacer iſte furor?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
  Profuerint iſto reddita dona modo.
Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis
  Inſtituis modulos, dum ſilet omne nemus:
Urbe ego, tu ſylvâ ſimul incipiamus utrique,
  Et ſimul adventum veris uterque canat.
Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores
  Veris, et hoc ſubeat Muſa perennis opus.
Jam ſol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
  Flectit ad Arctoas aurea lora plagas.

Eſt breve noctis iter, brevis eſt mora noctis opacæ,
  Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa ſuis.
Jamque Lycaonius plauſtrum cœleſte Bootes
  Non longâ ſequitur feſſus ut ante viâ;
Nunc etiam ſolitas circum Jovis atria toto
  Excubias agitant ſidera rara polo.
Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte receſſit,
  Neve Giganteum Dii timuere ſcelus.
Forte aliquis ſcopuli recubans in vertice paſtor,
  Roſcida cum primo ſole rubeſcit humus,
Hæc, ait, hac certè caruiſti nocte puellâ
  Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.
Læta ſuas repetit ſylvas, pharetramque reſumit
  Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
  Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
Deſere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora ſeniles,
  Quid juvat effœto procubuiſſe toro?
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,
  Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
  Et matutinos ocius urget equos.
Exuit inviſam Tellus rediviva ſenectam,
  Et cupit amplexus Phœbe ſubire tuos;
Et cupit, et digna eſt, quid enim formoſius illâ,
  Pandit ut omniferos luxurioſa ſinus,
Atque Arabum ſpirat meſſes, et ab ore venuſto
  Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma roſis!

Ecce coronatur ſacro frons ardua luco,
Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
Floribus et viſa eſt poſſe placere ſuis.
Floribus effuſos ut erat redimita capillos
Tenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
Aſpice Phœbe tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitaſque movent flamina verna preces.
Cinnameâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,
Blanditiaſque tibi ferre videntur aves.
Nec ſine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
Terra, nec optatos poſcit egena toros,
Alma ſalutiferum medicos tibi gramen in uſus
Præbet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipſa tuos.
Quòd ſi te pretium, ſi te fulgentia tangunt
Munera, (muneribus ſæpe coemptus Amor)
Illa tibi oſtentat quaſcunque ſub æquore vaſto,
Et ſuperinjectis montibus abdit opes.
Ah quoties cum tu clivoſo feſſus Olympo
In verſpertinas præcipitaris aquas,
Cur te, inquit, curſu languentem Phœbe diurno
Heſperiis recipit Cærula mater aquis?
Quid tibi cum Tethy! Quid cum Tarteſſide lymphâ,
Dia quid immundo perluis ora ſalo?
Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,
Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi ſomnus in herbâ,
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.

Quáque jaces circum mulcebit lene ſuſurrans
  Aura per humentes corpora fuſa roſas.
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,
  Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo;
Cum tu Phœbe tuo ſapientiùs uteris igni,
  Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Sic Tellus laſciva ſuos ſuſpirat amores;
  Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
  Languenteſque fovet ſolis ab igne faces.
Inſonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
  Triſte micant ferro tela coruſca novo.
Jamque vel invictam tentat ſuperaſſe Dianam,
  Quæque ſedet ſacro Veſta pudica foco.
Ipſa ſeneſcentem reparat Venus annua formam,
  Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,
  Littus io Hymen, et cava ſaxa ſonant.
Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
  Puniceum redolet veſtis odora crocum.
Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
  Virgineos auro cincta puella ſinus.
Votum eſt cuique ſuum, votum eſt tamen omnibus unum,
  Ut ſibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
Nunc quoque ſeptenâ modulatur arundine paſtor,
  Et ſua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
Navita nocturno placat ſua ſidera cantu,
  Delphinaſque leves ad vada ſumma vocat.

Jupiter ipſe alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
Convocat et famulos ad ſua feſta Deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri cum ſera crepuſcula ſurgunt,
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,
Sylvanuſque ſuâ cypariſſi fronde revinctus,
Semicaperque Deus, ſemideuſque caper.
Quæque ſub arboribus Dryades latuere vetuſtis
Per juga, per ſolos expatiantur agros.
Per ſata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,
Vix Cybele mater, vix ſibi tuta Ceres;
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
Conſulit in trepidos dum ſibi nympha pedes,
Jamque latet, latitanſque cupit male tecta videri,
Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipſa capi.
Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere ſylvas,
Et ſua quiſque ſibi numina lucus habet.
Et ſua quiſque diu ſibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arborea dii precor ite domo.
Te referant miſeris te Jupiter aurea terris
Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aſpera tela redis?
Tu ſaltem lentè rapidos age Phœbe jugales
Quà potes, et ſenſim tempora veris eant;
Brumaque productas tardè ferat hiſpida noctes,
Ingruat et noſtro ſerior umbra polo.

Elegia ſexta.

Ad Carolum Deodatum ruri commorantem,

Qui cum Idibus Decem. ſcripſiſſet, et ſua carmina excuſari poſtulaſſet ſi ſolito minus eſſent bona, quod inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud ſatis felicem operam Muſis dare ſe poſſe affirmabat, hoc habuit reſponſum.

MITTO tibi ſanam non pleno ventre ſalutem,
  Qua tu diſtento fortè carere potès.
At tua quid noſtram prolectat Muſa camœnam,
  Nec ſinit optatas poſſe ſequi tenebras?
Carmine ſcire velis quàm te redamemque colamque,
  Crede mihi vix hoc carmine ſcire queas.
Nam neque noſter amor modulis includitur arctis,
  Nec venit ad claudos integer ipſe pedes.
Quàm bene ſolennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim,
  Feſtaque cœliſugam quæ coluere Deum,
Deliciaſque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,
  Hauſtaque per lepidos Gallica muſta focos!
Quid quereris refugam vino dapibuſque poeſin?
  Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.
Nec puduit Phœbum virides geſtaſſe corymbos,
  Atque hederam lauro præpoſuiſſe ſuæ.
Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Euœ
  Miſſa Thyoneo turba novena choro.
Naſo Corallæis mala carmina miſit ab agris:
  Non illic epulæ, non ſata vitis erat.

Quid niſi vina, receſque racemiferumque Lyæum
  Cantavit brevibus Tëia Muſa modis?
Pindaricoſque inflat numeros Teumeſius Euan,
  Et redolet ſumptum pagina quæque merum;
Dum gravis everſo currus crepat axe ſupinus,
  Et volat Eleo pulvere ſuſcus eques.
Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
  Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoſo menſa paratu
  Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.
Maſſica fœcundam deſpumant pocula venam,
  Fundis et ex ipſo condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, fuſumque per intima Phœbum
  Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te
  Numine compoſito tres peperiſſe Deos.
Nunc quoque Threſſa tibi cælato barbitos auro
  Inſonat argutâ molliter icta manu;
Auditurque chelys ſuſpenſa tapetia circum,
  Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.
Illa tuas ſaltem teneant ſpectacula Muſas,
  Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
Crede mihi dum pſallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
  Implet odoratos feſta chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora ſerpere Phœbum,
  Quale repentinus permeat oſſa calor,
Perque puellares oculos digitumque ſonantem
  Irruet in totos lapſa Thalia ſinus.

Namque Elegia levis multorum cura Deorum est,
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos;
Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
Sæpius et veteri commaduisse mero.
At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cœlum,
Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parcè Samii pro more magistri
Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos;
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic scelerisque vacans, et casta juventus,
Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus.
Qualis veste nitens sacrâ, et lustralibus undis
Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.
Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris;
Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
Et per monstrificam Perseiæ Phœbados aulam,
Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis,
Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi sanguine nigro
Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.

Diis etenim ſacer eſt vates, divûmque ſacerdos,
  Spirat et occultum pectus, et ora Jovem.
At tu ſiquid agam ſcitabere (ſi modò ſaltem
  Eſſe putas tanti noſcere ſiquid agam)
Paciferum canimus cœleſti ſemine regem,
  Fauſtaque ſacratis ſæcula pacta libris,
Vagitumque Dei, et ſtabulantem paupere tecto
  Qui ſuprema ſuo cum patre regna colit,
Stelliparumque polum, modulanteſque æthere turmas,
  Et ſubitò eliſos ad ſua fana Deos.
Dona quidem dedimus Chriſti natalibus illa,
  Illa ſub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
Te quoque preſſa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
  Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis inſtar eris.

Elegia ſeptima, anno ætatis 19.

NONDUM blanda tuas leges Amathuſia nôram,
  Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, ſagittas,
  Atque tuum ſprevi maxime numen Amor.
Tu puer imbelles dixi transfige columbas,
  Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.
Aut de paſſeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,
  Hæc ſunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.
In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
  Non valet in fortes iſta pharetra viros.
Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
  Promptior) et duplici jam ferus igne calet.

Ver erat, et ſummæ radians per culmina villæ
Attulerat primam lux tibi Maie diem:
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
Nec matutinum ſuſtinuere jubar.
Aſtat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,
Prodidit aſtantem mota pharetra Deum:
Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit.
Talis in eterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
Miſcet amatori pocula plena Jovi;
Aut qui formoſas pellexit ad oſcula nymphas
Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.
Addideratque iras, ſed et has decuiſſe putares,
Addideratque truces, nec ſine felle minas.
Et miſer exemplo ſapuiſſes tutiùs, inquit,
Nunc mea quid poſſit dextera teſtis eris.
Inter et expertos vires numerabere noſtras,
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
Ipſe ego ſi neſcis ſtrato Pythone ſuperbum
Edomui Phœbum, ceſſit et ille mihi;
Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipſe fatetur
Certiùs et graviùs tela nocere mea.
Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,
Qui poſt terga ſolet vincere Parthus eques:
Cydoniuſque mihi cedit venator, et ille
Inſcius uxori qui necis author erat.
Eſt etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
Herculeæque manus, Herculeuſque comes.

Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
  Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
Cætera quæ dubitas meliùs mea tela docebunt,
  Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
Nec te stulte tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,
  Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.
Dixit, et aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
  Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
  Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.
Et modò quà nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
  Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
Turba frequens, faciéque simillima turba dearum
  Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat,
  Fallor? an et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet.
Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
  Impetus et quò me fert juvenilis, agor.
Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,
  Neve oculos potui continuisse meos.
Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam,
  Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
  Sic regina Deûm conspicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
  Solus et hos nobis texuit antè dolos.
Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,
  Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus.

Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
  Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis:
Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
  Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,
  Uror amans intùs flammaque totus eram.
Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,
  Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.
Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, et excors,
  Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.
Findor, et hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum,
  Raptaque tam subitò gaudia flere juvat.
Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cælum,
  Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.
Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
  Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaraus equis.
Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus? amores
  Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos
  Vultus, et coram tristia verba loqui;
Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,
  Forte nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces.
Crede mihi nullus sic infeliciter arsit,
  Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.
Parce precor teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,
  Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,
  Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens:

Et tua fumabunt noſtris altaria donis,
Solus et in ſuperis tu mihi ſummus eris.
Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme furores,
Neſcio cur, miſer eſt ſuaviter omnis amans:
Tu modo da facilis, poſthæc mea ſiqua futura eſt,
Cuſpis amaturos figat ut una duos.

Hæc ego mente olim lævâ, ſtudioque ſupino
Nequitiæ poſui vana trophæa meæ.
Scilicet abreptum ſic me malus impulit error,
Indociliſquæ ætas prava magiſtra fuit,
Donec Socraticos umbroſa Academia rivos
Præbuit, admiſſum dedocuitque jugum.
Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
Cincta rigent multo pectora noſtra gelu.
Unde ſuis frigus metuit puer ipſe ſagittis,
Et Diomedéam vim timet ipſa Venus.

In proditionem bombardicam.

Cum ſimul in regem nuper ſatrapaſque Britannos
Auſus es infandum perfide Fauxe nefas,
Fallor? an et mitis voluiſti ex parte videri,
Et penſare malâ cum pietate ſcelus?
Scilicet hos alti miſſurus ad atria cœli,
Sulphureo curru flammivoliſque rotis.
Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
Liquit Iördanios turbine raptus agros.

In eandem.

Siccine tentaſti cœlo donâſſe Iäcobum
Quæ ſeptemgemino Bellua monte lates?
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
Parce precor donis inſidioſa tuis.
Ille quidem ſine te conſortia ſerus adivit
Aſtra, nec inferni pulveris uſus ope.
Sic potiùs fœdos in cœlum pelle cucullos,
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos,
Namque hac aut aliâ niſi quemque adjuveris arte,
Crede mihi cœli vix bene ſcandet iter.

In eandem.

Purgatorem animæ deriſit Iäcobus ignem,
Et ſine quo ſuperûm non adeunda domus.
Frenduit hoc trinâ monſtrum Latiale coronâ,
Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.
Et nec inultus ait temnes mea ſacra Britanne,
Supplicium ſpreta relligione dabis.
Et ſi ſtelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
Non niſi per flammas triſte patebit iter.
O quàm funeſto ceciniſti proxima vero,
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura ſuis!
Nam prope Tartareo ſublime rotatus ab igni
Ibat ad æthereas umbra peruſta plagas.

In eandem.

Quem modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
Et Styge damnârat Tænarioque sinu,
Hunc vice mutatâ jam tollere gestit ad astra,
Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

In inventorem bombardæ.

Iapetionidem laudavit cæca vetustas,
Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem;
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.

Angelus unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)
Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum? Leonora tibi si gloria major,
Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli
Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;
Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
Sensim immortali assuescere posse sono.
Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,
In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

Ad eandem.

Altera Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,
Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.

Ah miſer ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo
  Perditus, et propter te Leonora foret!
Et te Pieriâ ſenſiſſet voce canentem
  Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ,
Quamvis Dircæo torſiſſet lumina Pentheo
  Sævior, aut totus deſipuiſſet iners,
Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine ſenſus
  Voce eadem poteras compoſuiſſe tuâ;
Et poteras ægro ſpirans ſub corde quietem
  Flexanimo cantu reſtituiſſe ſibi.

Ad eandem.

Credula quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,
  Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados,
Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ
  Corpora Chalcidico ſacra dediſſe rogo?
Illa quidem vivitque, et amœnâ Tibridis undâ
  Mutavit rauci murmura Pauſilipi.
Illic Romulidûm ſtudiis ornata ſecundis,
  Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

Apologus de Ruſtico et Hero.

Rusticus ex malo ſapidiſſima poma quotannis
  Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino:
Hinc incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus
  Malum ipſam in proprias tranſtulit areolas,

Hactenus illa ferax, ſed longo debilis ævo,
  Mota ſolo aſſueto, protenùs aret iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, ſpe luſus inani,
  Damnavit celeres in ſua damna manus.
Atque ait, heu quantò ſatius fuit illa Coloni
  (Parva licet) grato dona tuliſſe animo!
Poſſem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem:
  Nunc periere mihi et fœtus et ipſe parens.

Anno ætatis 16. In obitum Procancellari medici.

Parere fati discite legibus,
Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iäpete collitis nepotes.
Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ
Tentantur incassùm dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
Si destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
Nessi venenatus cruore
Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.
Sic triste fatum verba Hecatëia
Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
Vixisset infamis, potentique
Ægiali soror usa virgâ.
Numenque trinum fallere si queant
Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina,
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ.

Læſiſſet et nec te Philyreie
Sagitta echidnæ perlita ſanguine,
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum
Cæſe puer genetricis alvo.
Tuque O alumno major Apolline,
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
Frondoſa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
Et mediis Helicon in undis,
Jam præfuiſſes Palladio gregi
Lætus, ſuperſtes, nec ſine gloria,
Nec puppe luſtraſſes Charontis
Horribiles barathri receſſus.
At fila rupit Perſephone tua
Irata, cum te viderit artibus
Succoque pollenti tot atris
Faucibus eripuiſſe mortis.
Colende Præſes, membra precor tua
Molli quieſcant ceſpite, et ex tuo
Creſcant roſæ, calthæque buſto,
Purpureoque Hyacinthus ore.
Sit mite de te judicium Æaci,
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proſerpina,
Interque felices perennis
Elyſio ſpatiere campo.

In quintum Novembris. Anno ætatis 17.

JAM pius extremâ veniens Iäcobus ab arcto
Teucrigenas populos, latéque patentia regna

Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus
Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
Pacificusque novo felix divesque sedebat
In solio, occultique doli securus et hostis:
Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,
Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros;
Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,
Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,
Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes;
Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace.
Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,
Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia Tigris
Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus astris.
Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes
Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
Jamque fluentisonis albentia rupibus arva
Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
Æquore tranato furiali poscere bello,
Ante expugnatæ crudelia sæcula Trojæ.

At simul hanc opibusque et festâ pace beatam
Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur;
Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna
Efflat tabifico monstrosus ob ore Tiphœus.
Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspide cuspis
Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo
Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
Contemtrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.
Hactenus; et piceis liquido natat aëre pennis;
Quà volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,
Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.
Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,
Et tenet Ausoniæ fines, à parte sinistra
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini,
Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
Te furtiva Tibris Thetidi videt oscula dantem;
Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,
Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
Evehitur, præeunt submisso poplite reges,
Et mendicantum series longissima fratrum;

Cereaque in manibus geſtant funalia cæci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.
Templa dein multis ſubeunt lucentia tædis
(Veſper erat ſacer iſte Petro) fremituſque canentum
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum.
Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Aſopus in undis,
Et procul ipſe cavâ reſponſat rupe Cithæron.
His igitur tandem ſolenni more peractis,
Nox ſenis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
Præcipiteſque impellit equos ſtimulante flagello,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætemque ferocem,
Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam, et hirſutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres
Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim ſecretus adulter
Producit ſteriles molli ſine pellice noctes)
At vix compoſitos ſomnus claudebat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque ſilentum,
Prædatorque hominum falsâ ſub imagine tectus
Aſtitit, aſſumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
Barba ſinus promiſſa tegit, cineracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum veſtis, pendetque cucullus
Vertice de raſo, et ne quicquam deſit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos conſtrixit fune ſalaces,
Tarda feneſtratis figens veſtigia calceis.
Talis, uti fama eſt, vaſtâ Franciſcus eremo

Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Lybicosque leones.
Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?
Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!
Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,
Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni:
Surge, age, surge piger, Latinus quem Cæsar adorat,
Cui reserata patet convexi janua cœli,
Turgentes animos, et fastus frange procaces,
Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,
Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;
Et memor Hesperiæ disjectam ulciscere classem,
Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probosæ,
Thermodoontea nuper regnante puella.
At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,
Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,
Tyrrhenum implebit numeroso milite pontum,
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
Relliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit,
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte lacesses,
Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,

Quælibet hæreticis diſponere retia fas eſt;
Jamque ad conſilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, et procerum de ſtirpe creatos,
Grandævoſque patres trabeâ, caniſque verendos;
Hos tu membratim poteris conſpergere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
Ædibus injecto, quà convenere, ſub imis.
Protinus ipſe igitur quoſcunque habet Anglia fidos
Propoſiti, factique mone, quiſquámne tuorum
Audebit ſummi non juſſa faceſſere Papæ?
Perculſoſque metu ſubito, caſúque ſtupentes
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel ſævus Iberus.
Sæcula ſic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et nequid timeas, divos divaſque ſecundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina faſtis.
Dixit et adſcitos ponens malefidus amictus
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.
Jam roſea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Veſtit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Mœſtaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
Irrigat ambroſiis montana cacumina guttis;
Cum ſomnos pepulit ſtellatæ janitor aulæ,
Nocturnos viſus, et ſomnia grata revolvens.
Eſt locus æternâ ſeptus caligine noctis,
Vaſta ruinoſi quondam fundamina tecti,
Nunc torvi ſpelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,
Effera quos uno peperit Diſcordia partu.

Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque ſaxa,
Oſſa inhumata virum, et trajecta cadavera ferro;
Hic Dolus intortis ſemper ſedet ater ocellis,
Jurgiaque, et ſtimulis armata Calumnia fauces,
Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
Et Timor, exanguiſque locum circumvolat Horror,
Perpetuoque leves per muta ſilentia Manes
Exululant, tellus et ſanguine conſcia ſtagnat.
Ipſi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri
Et Phonos, et Prodotes, nulloque ſequente per antrum,
Antrum horrens, ſcopuloſum, atrum feralibus umbris
Diffugiunt ſontes, et retrò lumina vortunt;
Hos pugiles Romæ per ſæcula longa fideles
Evocat antiſtes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.
Finibus occiduis circumfuſum incolit æquor
Gens exoſa mihi, prudens natura negavit
Indignam penitus noſtro conjungere mundo:
Illuc, ſic jubeo, celeri contendite greſſu,
Tartareoque leves diffIentur pulvere in auras
Et rex et pariter ſatrapæ, ſcelerata propago,
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ
Conſilii ſocios adhibete, operiſque miniſtros.
Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.
Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos
Deſpicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,
Vanaque perverſæ ridet conamina turbæ,
Atque ſui cauſam populi volet ipſe tueri.
Eſſe ferunt ſpatium, quà diſtat ab Aſide terra

Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas;
Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ
Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.
Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,
Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros:
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros;
Qualiter instrepitant circum mulctralia bombis
Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen.
Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce,
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
Nec tot, Aristoride servator inique juvencæ
Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.
Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe
Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli:
Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis
Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget.
Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit
Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli
Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.

Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine præmiſſo alloquitur, terrâque tremente:
Fama ſiles? an te latet impia Papiſtarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meoſque Britannos,
Et novo ſceptigero cædes meditata Iäcobo?
Nec plura, illa ſtatim ſenſit mandata Tonantis,
Et fatis ante fugax ſtridentes induit alas,
Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis;
Dextra tubam geſtat Temeſæo ex ære ſonoram.
Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum eſt curſu celeres prævertere nubes,
Jam ventos, jam ſolis equos poſt terga reliquit:
Et primo Angliacas ſolito de more per urbes
Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura ſpargit,
Mox arguta dolos, et deteſtabile vulgat
Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
Authoreſque addit ſceleris, nec garrula cæcis
Inſidiis loca ſtructa ſilet; ſtupuere relatis,
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
Effœtique ſenes pariter tantæque ruinæ
Senſus ad ætatem ſubito penetraverat omnem.
Attamen interea populi miſereſcit ab alto
Æthereus pater, et crudelibus obſtitit auſis
Papicolûm; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres;
At pia thura Deo, et grati ſolvuntur honores;
Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quinteque Novembris
Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

Anno ætatis 17. *In obitum Præsulis Eliensis.*

Adhuc madentes rore squalebant genæ,
  Et sicca nondum lumina
Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,
  Quem nuper effudi pius,
Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo
  Wintoniensis Præsulis.
Cum centilinguis Fama (proh semper mali
  Cladisque vera nuntia)
Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,
  Populosque Neptuno satos,
Cessisse morti, et ferreis sororibus
  Te generis humani decus,
Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ
  Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus
  Ebulliebat fervidâ,
Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:
  Nec vota Naso in Ibida
Concepit alto diriora pectore,
  Graiusque vates parcius
Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
  Sponsamque Neobolen suam.
At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,
  Et imprecor neci necem,
Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos
  Leni, sub aurâ, flamine:

Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
  Bilemque et irritas minas;
Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
  Subitoque ad iras percita?
Non eſt, ut arbitraris eluſus miſer,
  Mors atra Noctis filia,
Erebóve patre creta, ſive Erinnye,
  Vaſtove nata ſub Chao:
Aſt illa cœlo miſſa ſtellato, Dei
  Meſſes ubique colligit;
Animaſque mole carneâ reconditas
  In lucem et auras evocat;
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
  Themidos Joviſque filiæ;
Et ſempiterni ducit ad vultus patris:
  At juſta raptat impios
Sub regna furvi luctuoſa Tartari,
  Sedeſque ſubterraneas.
Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, cito
  Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatileſque fauſtus inter milites
  Ad aſtra ſublimis feror:
Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum ſenex
  Auriga currus ignei.
Non me Bootis terruere lucidi
  Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidoloſi Scorpionis brachia,
  Non enſis Orion tuus.

Prætervolavi fulgidi ſolis globum,
  Longéque ſub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat ſuos
  Frænis dracones aureis.
Erraticorum, ſiderum per ordines,
  Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem ſæpe miratus novam,
  Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum eſt Olympi, et regiam cryſtallinam, et
  Stratum ſmaragdis atrium.
Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
  Oriundus humano patre
Amœnitates illius loci? mihi
  Sat eſt in eternum frui.

Naturam non pati ſenium.

Heu quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiſcit
Avia mens hominum, tenebriſque immerſa profundis
Oedipodioniam volvit ſub pectore noctem!
Quæ veſana ſuis metiri facta deorum
Audet, et inciſas leges adamante perenni
Aſſimilare ſuis, nulloque ſolubile ſæclo
Conſilium fati perituris alligat horis.
  Ergóne marceſcet ſulcantibus obſita rugis
Naturæ facies, et rerum publica mater
Omniparum contracta uterum ſterileſcet ab ævo?
Et ſe faſſa ſenem malè certis paſſibus ibit

Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetuſtas
Annorumque æterna fames, ſqualorque ſituſque
Sidera vexabunt? an et inſatiabile Tempus
Eſuriet Cœlum, rapietque in viſcera patrem?
Heu, potuitne ſuas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra munîſſe nefas, et Temporis iſto
Exemiſſe malo, gyroſque dediſſe perennes?
Ergo erit ut quandoque ſono dilapſa tremendo
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu
Stridat uterque polus, ſuperâque ut Olympius aulâ
Decidat, horribiliſque retectâ Gorgone Pallas;
Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbata ſacro cecidit de limine cœli?
Tu quoque Phœbe tui caſus imitabere nati
Præcipiti curru, ſubitâque ferere ruinâ
Pronus, et extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito feralia ſibila ponto.
Tunc etiam aërei divulſis ſedibus Hæmi
Diſſultabit apex, imoque alliſa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
In ſuperos quibus uſus erat, fraternaque bella.
At Pater omnipotens fundatis fortius aſtris
Conſuluit rerum ſummæ, certoque peregit
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine ſummo
Singula perpetuum juſſit ſervare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapſu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat et ambitos ſociâ vertigine cœlos.
Tardior haud ſolito Saturnus, et acer ut olim

Fulmineum rutilat criſtatâ caſſide Mavors.
Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruſcat,
Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; ſed ſemper amicâ
Luce potens eadem currit per ſigna rotarum.
Surgit odoratis pariter formoſis ab Indis
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo
Mane vocans, et ſerus agens in paſcua cœli,
Temporis et gemino diſpertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
Nec variant elementa fidem, ſolitoque fragore
Lurida perculſas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, ſpiratque hyemem, nimboſque volutat.
Utque ſolet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, et raucâ circumſtrepit æquora conchâ
Oceani Tubicen, nec vaſtâ mole minorem
Ægeona ferunt dorſo Balearica cete.
Sed neque Terra tibi ſæcli vigor ille vetuſti
Priſcus abeſt, ſervatque ſuum Narciſſus odorem,
Et puer ille ſuum tenet et puer ille decorem
Phœbe tuuſque et Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
Terra datum ſceleri celavit montibus aurum
Conſcia, vel ſub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
Ibit cunctarum ſeries juſtiſſima rerum,
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè

Circumplexa polos, et vaſti culmina cœli;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

De Idea Platonica quemadmodum Ariſtoteles intellexit.

Dicite ſacrorum præſides nemorum deæ,
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenſo procul
Antro recumbis otioſa Æternitas,
Monumenta ſervans, et ratas leges Jovis,
Cœlique faſtos atque ephemeridas Deûm,
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
Natura ſolers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unuſque et univerſus, exemplar Dei?
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
Interna proles inſidet menti Jovis;
Sed quamlibet natura ſit communior,
Tamen ſeorsùs extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo ſtringitur ſpatio loci;
Seu ſempiternus ille ſiderum comes
Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimùmve terris incolit lunæ globum:
Sive inter animas corpus adituras ſedens
Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas:
Sive in remotâ forte forte terrarum plaga
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et diis tremendus erigit celſum caput

Atlante major portitore ſiderum.
Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit
Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto ſinu;
Non hunc ſilenti nocte Plëiones nepos
Vatum ſagaci præpes oſtendit choro;
Non hunc ſacerdos novit Aſſyrius, licet
Longos vetuſti commemoret atavos Nini,
Priſcumque Belon, inclytumque Oſiridem.
Non ille trino glorioſus nomine
Ter magnus Hermes (ut ſit arcani ſciens)
Talem reliquit Iſidis cultoribus.
At tu perenne ruris Academi decus
(Hæc monſtra ſi tu primus induxti ſcholis)
Jam jam poetas urbis exules tuæ
Revocabis, ipſe fabulator maximus,
Aut inſtitutor ipſe migrabis foras.

Ad patrem.

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
Ut tenues oblita ſonos audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Muſa parentis.
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum pater optime carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipſi
Aptiùs à nobis quæ poſſint munera donis
Reſpondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima poſſint

Reſpondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
Eſſe queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc noſtros oſtendit pagina cenſus,
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus iſtâ,
Quæ mihi ſunt nullæ, niſi quas dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi ſemoto ſomni peperere ſub antro,
Et nemoris laureta ſacri Parnaſſides umbræ.
  Nec tu vatis opus divinum deſpice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, et ſemina cœli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Promethéæ retinens veſtigia flammæ.
Carmen amant ſuperi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet, divoſque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.
Carmini ſepoſiti retegunt arcana futuri
Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ;
Carmina ſacrificus ſollennes pangit ad aras,
Aurea ſeu ſternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cùm fata ſagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Conſulit, et tepidis Parcam ſcrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ ſtabunt immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
Dulcia ſuaviloquo ſociantes carmina plectro,
Aſtra quibus, geminique poli convexa ſonabunt.
Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque ſidereis intercinit ipſe choreis
Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen;

Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,
Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.
Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates
Æsculeâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
Et chaos, et positi latè fundamina mundi,
Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætneo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios et quercubus addidit aures
Carmine, non citharâ, simulachraque functa canendo
Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.
  Nec tu perge precor sacras contemnere Musas,
Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poëtam
Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguinæ juncti
Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?
Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,

Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.
Tu tamen ut ſimules teneras odiſſe Camœnas,
Non odiſſe reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget ſpes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, malè cuſtoditaque gentis
Jura, nec inſulſis damnas clamoribus aures.
Sed magis excultam cupiens diteſcere mentem,
Me procul urbano ſtrepitu, ſeceſſibus altis
Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ
Phœbæo lateri comitem ſinis ire beatum.
Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
Me poſcunt majora, tuo pater optime ſumptu
Cùm mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
Addere ſuaſiſti quos jactat Gallia flores,
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
Fundit, barbaricos teſtatus voce tumultus,
Quæque Palæſtinus loquitur myſteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet cœlum, ſubjectaque cœlo
Terra parens, terræque et cœlo interfluus aer,
Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te noſſe licet, per te, ſi noſſe libebit.
Dimotáque venit ſpectanda ſcientia nube,
Nudaque conſpicuos inclinat ad oſcula vultus,
Ni fugiſſe velim, ni ſit libâſſe moleſtum.
I nunc, confer opes quiſquis maleſanus avitas

Auſtriaci gazas, Perüanaque regna præoptas.
Quæ potuit majora pater tribuiſſe, vel ipſe
Jupiter, excepto, donâſſet ut omnia, cœlo?
Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuiſſent,
Publica qui juveni commiſit lumina nato
Atque Hyperionios currus, et fræna diei,
Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.
Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
Victrices hederas inter, lauroſque ſedebo,
Jamque nec obſcurus populo miſcebor inerti,
Vitabuntque oculos veſtigia noſtra profanos.
Eſte procul vigiles curæ, procul eſte querelæ,
Invidiæque acies tranſverſo tortilis hirquo,
Sæva nec anguiferos extende calumnia rictus;
In me triſte nihil fœdiſſima turba poteſtis,
Nec veſtri ſum juris ego; ſecuraque tutus
Pectora, vipereo gradiar ſublimis ab ictu.
  At tibi, chare pater, poſtquam non æqua merenti
Poſſe referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
Sit memorâſſe ſatis, repetitaque mùnera grato
Percenſere animo, fidæque reponere menti.
  Et vos, O noſtri, juvenilia carmina, luſus,
Si modo perpetuos ſperare audebitis annos,
Et domini ſupereſſe rogo, lucemque tueri,
Nec ſpiſſo rapient oblivia nigra ſub Orco,
Forſitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, ſero ſervabitis ævo.

Psalm CXIV.

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φῦλ' Ἰακώβη
Αἰγύπτιον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνον,
Δὴ τότε μοῦνον ἔην ὅσιον γένος υἷες Ἰοῦδα.
Ἐν δὲ Θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν.
Εἶδε καὶ ἐντροπάδην φύγαδ' ἔῤῥωσε θάλασσα
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, ὁδ' ἄρ' ἐστυφελίχθη
Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγήν.
Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόωντες ἐϋτροφερῷ ἐν ἀλωῇ.
Βαιότεραι δ' ἅμα πᾶσαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἐρίπναι,
Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.
Τίπτε σύγ' αἰνὰ θάλασσα πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐῤῥώσας
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ; τὶ δ' ἄρ' ἐστυφελίχθης
Ἱρὸς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγήν;
Τίπτ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόωντες ἐϋτραφερῷ ἐν ἀλωῇ;
Βαιότεραι τὶ δ' ἄρ' ὑμμὲς ἀνασκιρτήσατ' ἐρίπναι,
Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες;
Σείεο γαῖα τρέουσα Θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα
Γαῖα Θεὸν τρείουσ' ὕπατον σέβας Ἰσσακίδαο,
Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμοὺς χέε μορμύροντας,
Κρήνηντ' ἀέναον πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυοέσσης.

Philoſophus ad regem quendam, qui eum ignotum et inſontem inter reos forte captum inſcius damnaverat, τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενος *hæc ſubito miſit.*

Ὦ ἄνα εἰ ὀλέσῃς με τὸν ἔννομον, οὐδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν
Δεινὸν ὅλως δράσαντα, σοφώτατον ἴσθι κάρηνον
Ῥηϊδίως ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὖθι νοήσεις,
Μαψιδίως δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα τεὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδυρῇ,
Τοιὸν δ' ἐκ πόλιος περιώνυμον ἄλκαρ ὀλέσσας.

In effigiei ejus ſculptorem.

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδε μὲν εἰκόνα
Φαίης τάχ' ἄν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφυὲς βλέπων·
Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπωτὸν οὐκ ἐπιγνόντες φίλοι
Γελᾶτε φαύλου δυσμίμημα ζωγράφου.

Ad Salſillum Poetam Romanum ægrotantem.

SCAZONTES.

O MUSA greſſum quæ volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes inceſſu,
Nec ſentis illud in loco minus gratum,
Quàm cùm decentes flava Dëiope ſuras
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,
Adeſdum et hæc s'is verba pauca Salſillo
Refer, Camœna noſtra cui tantum eſt cordi,

Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum
Polique tractum, (pessimus ubi ventorum,
In sanientis impotensque pulmonis
Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra)
Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ
Virosque doctæque indolem juventutis,
Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa Salsille,
Habitumque fesso corpori penitùs sanum;
Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat.
Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
O dulce divûm munus, O salus Hebes
Germana! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror
Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan
Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Musis
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans.

Tumiduſque et ipſe Tibris hinc delinitus
Spei ſavebit annuæ colonorum:
Nec in ſepulchris ibit obſeſſum reges
Nimiùm ſiniſtro laxus irruens loro:
Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,
Aduſque curvi ſalſa regna Portumni.

MANSUS.

Joannes Baptiſta Manſus Marchio Villenſis, vir ingenii laude, tum litterarum ſtudio, nec non et bellica virtute apud Italos clarus in primis eſt. Ad quem Torquati Taſſi dialogus extat de Amicitia ſcriptus; erat enim Taſſo amiciſſimus; ab quo etiam inter campaneæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus Geruſalemme Conquiſtata, *lib.* 20.

> Fra cavalier magnanimi, e corteſi
> Riſplende il Manſo --------

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem ſummâ benevolentiâ proſecutus eſt, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hoſpes ille antequam ab ea urbe diſcederet, ut ne ingratum ſe oſtenderet, hoc carmen miſit.

Hæc quoque Manſe tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi Manſe choro notiſſime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo eſt dignatus ho-
Poſt Galli cineres, et Mecænatis Hetruſci [nore,
Tu quoque, ſi noſtræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,

Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum
Tradidit, ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,
Dum canit Assyrios divûm prolixus amores;
Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.
Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
Ossa tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit.
Nec manes pietas tua chara sefellit amici,
Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.
Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia cessant
Officia in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Orco,
Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
Amborum genus, et varia sub sorte peractam
Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervæ;
Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri,
Ergo ego te Cliûs et magni nomine Phœbi,
Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum
Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabare Musam,
Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto
Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.
Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos
Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
Quà Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis
Oceani Glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.

Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
Quà plaga ſepteno mundi ſulcata Trione
Brumalem patitur longâ ſub nocte Boöten.
Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
Flaventes ſpicas, et lutea mala caniſtris,
Halantemque crocum (perhibet niſi vana vetuſtas)
Miſimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
(Gens Druides antiqua ſacris operata deorum
Heroum laudes imitandaque geſta canebant)
Hinc quoties feſto cingunt altaria cantu
Delo in herboſâ Graiæ de more puellæ
Carminibus lætis memorant Corinëida Loxo,
Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge,
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.
Fortunate ſenex, ergo quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens,
Claraque perpetui ſuccreſcet fama Marini,
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plauſumque virorum,
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
Dicetur tum ſponte tuos habitaſſe penates
Cynthius, et famulas veniſſe ad limina Muſas:
At non ſponte domum tamen idem, et regis adivit
Rura Pheretiadæ cœlo fugitivus Apollo;
Ille licet magnum Alciden ſuſceperat hoſpes;
Tantùm ubi clamoſos placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile manſueti ceſſit Chironis in antrum,
Irriguos inter ſaltus frondoſaque tecta

Peneium prope rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ
Ad citharæ strepitum blandâ prece victus amici
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo
Saxa stetere loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas,
Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.
Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
Nascentem, et miti lustrarit lumine Phœbus,
Atlantisque nepos; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu
Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.
Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos,
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, et adultum mentis acumen.
O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum
Phœbæos decorasse viros qui tam bene nôrit,
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem;
Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ
Magnanimos Heroas, et (O modo spiritus adsit)
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.
Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ,
Annorumque satur cineri sua jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,
Astanti sat erit si dicam sim tibi curæ;
Ille meos artus liventi morte solutos

Curaret parva componi molliter urna.
Forſitan et noſtros ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnaſſide lauri
Fronde cômas, at ego ſecura pace quieſcam.
Tum quoque, ſi qua fides, ſi præmia certa bonorum,
Ipſe ego cælicolûm ſemotus in æthera divûm,
Quò labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,
Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo
(Quantum fata ſinunt) et tota mente ſerenùm
Ridens purpureo ſuffundar lumine vultus,
Et ſimul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrſis et Damon ejuſdem viciniæ paſtores, eadem ſtudia ſecuti à pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrſis animi cauſâ profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum poſtea reverſus, et rem ita eſſe comperto, ſe, ſuamque ſolitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem ſub perſonâ hîc intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clariſſimiſque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

HIMERIDES nymphæ (nam vos et Daphnin et Hylan,
Et plorata diu meminiſtis fata Bionis)
Dicite Sicelicum Thameſina per oppida carmen:

Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,
Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,
Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis amor Musæ Thusca retinebat in urbe.
Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relicti
Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo,
Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem.
  Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere Damon!
Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentum.
  Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupus antè videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
Inter pastores: Illi tibi vota secundo
Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes

Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:
Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piùmque,
Palladiásque artes, sociúmque habuisse canorum.
  Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia Damon,
At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
Frigoribus duris, et per loca fœta pruinis,
Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis?
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis;
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?
  Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm sibilat igni
Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, at malus auster
Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?
  Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,
Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,
Quis mihi blanditiásque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?
  Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ,

Hic ſerum expecto, ſupra caput imber et Eurus
Triſte ſonant, fractæque agitata crepuſcula ſylvæ.
  Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, et ipſa ſitu ſeges alta fatiſcit!
Innuba neglecto marceſcit et uva racemo,
Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mœrent, inque ſuum convertunt ora magiſtrum.
  Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni:
Tityrus ad Corylos vocat, Alpheſibœus ad ornos,
Ad ſalices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas,
Hîc gelidi fontes, hîc illita gramina muſco.
Hîc Zephyri, hîc placidas interſtrepit arbutus undas;
Iſta canunt ſurdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.
  Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopſus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notârat,
(Et callebat avium linguas, et ſidera Mopſus)
Thyrſi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè faſcinat aſtrum,
Saturni grave ſæpe fuit paſtoribus aſtrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.
  Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, et quid te Thyrſi futurum eſt?
Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc ſolet eſſe juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultuſque ſeveri,
Illa choros, luſuſque leves, et ſemper amorem
Jure petit, bis ille miſer qui ſerus amavit.
  Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, et filia Baucidis Aegle
Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu,
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;
Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales,
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
De grege, si densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;
Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus
Agmina phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum
Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens,
Quem si sors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco
Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatis
Gens homines aliena animis, et pectore discors,
Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum,
Aut si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies quâ non speraveris horâ
Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivosam!
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,

(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viſeret olim,
Tityrus ipſe ſuas et oves et rura reliquit;)
Ut te tam dulci poſſem caruiſſe ſodale,
Poſſem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot ſylvas, tot ſaxa tibi, fluvioſque ſonantes!
Ah certè extremùm licuiſſet tangere dextram,
Et bene compoſitos placidè morientis ocellos,
Et dixiſſe vale, noſtri memor ibis ad aſtra.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam veſtri nunquam meminiſſe pigebit,
Paſtores Thuſci, Muſis operata juventus,
Hic Charis, atque Lepos; et Thuſcus tu quoque Damon,
Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum ſtratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, quà mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc ſummas carpere myrtos,
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam.
Ipſe etiam tentare auſus ſum, nec puto multùm
Diſplicui, nam ſunt et apud me munera veſtra
Fiſcellæ, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ,
Quin et noſtra ſuas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis, et Francinus, erant et vocibus ambo
Et ſtudiis noti, Lydorum ſanguinis ambo.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roſcida luna,
Dum ſolus teneros claudebam cratibus hœdos.
Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,

Vimina nunc texit, varios ſibi quod ſit in uſus!
Et quæ tum facili ſperabam mente futura
Arripui voto levis, et præſentia finxi,
Heus bone numquid agis? niſi te quid forte retard
Imus? et argutâ paulùm recubamus in umbrâ,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Caſſibelauni?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, ſuccos, [t
Helleborúmque, humiléſque crocos, foliúmque hyaci
Quaſque habet iſta palus herbas, arteſque medentûm
Ah pereant herbæ, pereant arteſque medentûm,
Gramina, poſtquam ipſi nil profecere magiſtro.
Ipſe etiam, nam neſcio quid mihi grande ſonabat
Fiſtula, ab undecimâ jam lux eſt altera nocte,
Et tum forte novis admôram labra cicutis,
Diſſiluere tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuere ſonos, dubito quoque ne ſim
Turgidulus, tamen et referam, vos cedite ſylvæ.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipſe ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
Dicam, et Pandraſidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ, [nun
Brennúmque Arvigarúmque duces, priſcúmque Bel
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum ſub lege colonos;
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iögernen,
Mendaces vultus, aſſumptaque Gorlöis arma,
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum ſi vita ſuperſit,
Tu procul annoſa pendebis fiſtula pinu
Multùm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata camœnis
Brittonicum ſtrides, quid enim? omnia non licet un

Non ſperâſſe uni licet omnia, mi ſatis ampla
Merces, et mihi grande decus (ſim ignotus in ævum
Tum licet, externo penituſque inglorius orbi)
Si me flava comas legat Uſa, et potor Alauni,
Vorticibuſque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Treantæ,
Et Thameſis meus ante omnes, et fuſca metallis
Tamara, et extremis me diſcant Orcades undis.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi ſervabam lentâ ſub cortice lauri,
Hæc, et plura ſimul, tum quæ mihi pocula Manſus,
Manſus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipſe,
Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento:
In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver,
Littora longa Arabum, et ſudantes balſama ſylvæ,
Has inter Phœnix divina avis, unica terris
Cæruleùm fulgens diverſicoloribus alis
Auroram vitreis ſurgentem reſpicit undis.
Parte alia polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus,
Quis putet? hic quoque Amor pictæque in nube pharetræ,
Arma coruſca faces, et ſpicula tincta pyropo;
Nec tenues animas, pectúſque ignobile vulgi
Hinc ferit, at circùm flammantia lumina torquens
Semper in erectum ſpargit ſua tela per orbes
Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus
Hinc mentes ardere ſacræ, formæque deorum.
Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit ſpes lubrica, Damon,
Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret

Sanctáque ſimplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?
Nec te Lethæo fas quæſiviſſe ſub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà,
Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
Heroúmque animas inter, divóſque perennes,
Æthereos haurit latices et gaudia potat
Ore ſacro. Quin tu cœli poſt jura recepta
Dexter ades, placidúſque fave quicunque vocaris,
Seu tu noſter eris Damon, ſive æquior audis
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Cælicolæ nôrint, ſylviſque vocabere Damon.
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, et ſine labe juventus
Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginei ſervantur honores;
Ipſe caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
Lætáque frondentis geſtans umbracula palmæ
Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;
Cantus ubi, choreiſque furit lyra miſta beatis,
Feſta Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia Thyrſo.

Jan. 23. 1646. Ad Joannem Rousium Oxoniensis academiæ bibliothecarium.

De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in bibliotheca publica reponeret, Ode.

Strophe I.

Gemelle cultu simplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet geminâ,
Munditiéque nitens non operosâ,
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen haud nimii poetæ;
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit
Insons populi, barbitóque devius
Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede;

Antistrophe.

Quis te parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo?
Cum tu missus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,
Illustre tendebas iter
Thamesis ad incunabula

Cærulei patris,
Fontes ubi limpidi
Aonidum, thyaſuſque ſacer
Orbi notus per immenſos
Temporum lapſus redeunte cœlo,
Celeberque futurus in ævum;

Strophe 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo
Priſtinam gentis miſeratus indolem
(Si ſatis noxas luimus priores,
Mollique luxu degener otium)
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet ſtudia ſanctus,
Et relegatas ſine ſede Muſas
Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm;
Immundaſque volucres
Unguibus imminentes
Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,
Phinéamque abigat peſtem procul amne Pegaſéo.

Antiſtrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuncii licet malâ
Fide, vel oſcitantiâ
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneat ſpecus,
Seu que te latebra, forſan unde vili
Calo teréris inſtitoris inſulſi,
Lætare felix, en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget poſſe profundam

Fugere Lethen, vehique superam
In Jovis aulam remige pennâ;

Strophe 3.

Nam te Roüsius sui
Optat peculî, numeróque justo
Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,
Rogatque venias ille cujus inclyta
Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ:
Téque adytis etiam sacris
Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse præsidet
Æternorum operum custos fidelis,
Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris,
Quàm cui præfuit Iön
Clarus Erechtheides
Opulenta dei per templa parentis
Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
Ion Actæâ genitus Creusâ.

Antistrophe.

Ergo tu visere lucos
Musarum ibis amœnos,
Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum,
Oxoniâ quam valle colit
Delo posthabitâ,
Bifidòque Parnassi jugo:
Ibis honestus,
Postquam egregiam tu quoque fortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
Illic legéris inter alta nomina

Authorum, Graiæ ſimul et Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina, et verum decus.

Epodos.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc ſterile fudit ingenium,
Jam ſerò placidam ſperare jubeo
Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, ſedeſque beatas
Quas bonus Hermes
Et tutela dabit ſolers Roüſi,
Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè
Turba legentum prava faceſſet;
At ultimi nepotes,
Et cordatior ætas
Judicia rebus æquiora forſitan
Adhibebit integro ſinu.
Tum livore ſepulto,
Si quid meremur ſana poſteritas ſciet
Roüſio favente.

Ode tribus conſtat Strophis, totidémque Antiſtrophis, unâ demum Epodo clauſis, quas, tametſi omnes nec verſuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè reſpondeant, ita tamen ſecuimus, commodè legendi potiùs, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem ſpectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs fortaſſe dici monoſtrophicum debuerat. Metra partim ſunt κατὰ σχέσιν, partim ἀπολελυμένα. Phaleucia quæ ſunt Spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in ſecundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

Ad Chriſtinam Suecorum Reginam nomine Cromwelli.

BELLIPOTENS Virgo, ſeptem Regina Trionum,
  Chriſtina, Arctoï lucida ſtella poli,
Cernis quas merui dura ſub caſſide rugas,
  Utque ſenex armis impiger ora tero;
Invia fatorum dum per veſtigia nitor,
  Exequor et populi fortia juſſa manu.
Aſt tibi ſubmittit frontem reverentior umbra;
  Nec ſunt hi vultus Regibus uſque truces.

A

GLOSSARY,

Explaining the antiquated and difficult Words in MILTON's poetical Works.

P. L. *ſtands for* Paradiſe Loſt; P. R. *for* Paradiſe Regain'd; S. A. *for* Samſon Agoniſtes; P. *for the* Poems; *and* S. *for the* Sonnets. *The letters* i, ii, iii, *&c. denote the books; the figures* 1, 2, 3, *&c. the verſes.*

When a word occurs but once or twice, or is taken in a peculiar ſenſe, or has different ſenſes in different places; in all theſe caſes the places are pointed out.

As Milton's critics differ as to the ſenſe of ſome words, ſome preferring one ſenſe, and ſome another, the different ſenſes are often given.

The etymology of a great many words is given, and frequently the literal, or original, as well as the metaphorical ſignification.

A

TO *abaſh*, to put into confuſion, to make aſhamed

To *abide*, P. L. iv. 87. to bear or ſupport the conſequences of a thing

Abject, contemptible, or of no value, P. L. ix. 572.; without hope or regard, S. A. 169

Absolved, *Absolute*, P. L. vii 94. viii. 421, 547. finished, completed, perfected; from the Latin *absolutus*

Acanthus, the herb Bear's-foot

Acclame, a shout of praise, acclamation

Acquist, S. A. 1755. the same as acquisition; acquirement, attainment, gain

To *admit*, to commit, used in the Latin sense, P. L. viii. 637

Adorn, P. L. viii. 576. (an adjective.) *Made so adorn*, &c. finely dressed

Adust, *Adusted*, burnt up, hot as with fire, scorched, dried with fire

Advis'd, P. L. vi. 674. (a participial adverbial), advisedly, designedly

Afer, P. L. x. 702. the south-west wind

Afflicted, P. L. i. 186. routed, ruined, utterly broken, in the Latin sense of the word. It otherwise signifies put to pain, grieved, tormented

Affront, outrage, contempt, P. R. iii. 161.; open opposition, encounter, S. A. 531

Agape, P. L. v. 357. (an adverb), staring with eagerness

Aghast, struck with horror, a at the sight of a spectre; stupified with terror

Agonistes, an actor, a prize-fighter; Gr. Ἀγωνιστής, *ludio, histrio, actor scenicus*

Alchymy, P. L. ii. 517. the name of that art which is the ſublimer part of chymiſtry, the tranſmutation of metals. It is what is corruptly pronounced *ockamy, i. e.* any mixed metal

Alp, P. L. ii. 620. S. A. 628. for mountain in general. In the ſtrict etymology of the word it ſignifies a mountain white with ſnow. It is commonly appropriated to the high mountains which ſeparate Italy from France and Germany

Altern, P. L. vii. 348. (an adjective), acting by turns, in ſucceſſion each to the other

To *alternate*, to perform alternately. *Alternate hymns*, P. L. v. 656, 657. ſing by turns, and anſwer one another

Amarant, P. L. iii. 353. Ἀμάραντος, for unfading, that decayeth not; a flower of a purple velvet colour, which, though gathered, keeps its beauty, and, when all other flowers fade, recovers its luſtre by being ſprinkled with a little water

Ambition, that which adds fuel to the flame of pride, and claps ſpurs to thoſe furious and inordinate deſires that break forth into the moſt execrable acts to accompliſh men's haughty deſigns. Milton ſtigmatizes *ambition* as a worſe ſin than pride, P. L. iv. 40. *See* Pride. A going about with ſtudiouſneſs and affectation to gain praiſe, as the origin of the Latin word imports, S. A. 247

Ambroſial, partaking of the nature or qualities of am-

brosia, the imaginary food of the gods; fragrant, delicious, delectable. Milton applies this epithet to the night, P. L. v. 642

To *amerce*, P. L. i. 609. to deprive, to forfeit. It properly signifies to mulct, to fine; but here it has a strange affinity with the Greek ἀμέρδω, to deprive, to take away

Amize, P. R. iv. 427. clothing; the first or undermost part of a priest's habit, over which he wears the alb; derived from the Latin *amicio*, to clothe

Ammiral, P. L. i. 294. the same as *Admiral*, the principal commander of a fleet

Amorous. Milton seems to use this word, P. R. ii. 162. rather in the sense of the Italian *amoroso*, which is applied to any thing relating to the passion of love, than in its common English acceptation, in which it generally expresses something of the passion itself

Amphisbæna, P. L. x. 524. a serpent said to have a head at both ends; so named of ἀμφίϐαινα, because it went forward either way

Anarch, P. L. ii. 988. the author of confusion

Angelic virtue, P. L. v. 371. an angel

To *announce*, P. R. iv. 504. to publish, to proclaim

Antarctic, P. L. ix. 79. the southern pole, so called, as opposite to the northern

Antic, S. A. 1325. one that plays antics; he that uses odd gesticulation; a buffoon

Apathy, P. L. ii. 564. not feeling, exemption from passion; freedom from mental perturbation

Apocalyps, P. L. iv. 2. a revelation, a discovery

To *appay*, P. L. xii. 401. to satisfy, to content

Appetance, P. L. xi. 619, carnal sensual desire

To *appoint*, S. A. 373. to arraign, to summon, to answer

Arbitress, P. L. i. 785. a witness, a spectatress

Architrave, P. L. i. 715. that part of a column, or order of a column, which lies immediately upon the capital, and is the lowest member of the entablature

Arctic, P. L. ii. 710. northern, lying under the Bear

Ardor, P. L. v. 249. a person ardent or bright, an angel. The Latin *ardor* implies fervency, exceeding love, eager desire, fiery nature; all included in the idea of an angel

Argestes, P. L. x. 699. the north-east wind

To *areed*, P. L. iv. 962. to decree, to award

Askance, awry

Asphaltus, P. L. i. 729. bitumen, a pitchy substance

Asthma, P. L. xi. 488. a frequent, difficult, and short respiration, joined with a hissing sound and a cough

To *astound*, to astonish, to confound with fear or wonder

Atheous, P. R. i. 487 atheistic, godless

Atrophy, P. L. xi. 486. want of nourishment; a disease in which what is taken at the mouth cannot contribute to the support of the body

Attent, P. R. i. 385. intent, attentive, heedful, regardful

Atteſt, P. R. i. 37. witneſs, teſtimony, atteſtation

To *attune*, P. L. iv. 265. to make any thing muſical

Autumn, P. L. v. 394. for the fruits of autumn

Azurn, P. the ſame as *azure*, blue, faint blue

B

Baleful, full of miſery, full of grief, ſorrowful, ſad, woeful

Bandite, P. a man outlawed

Barbaric, P. L. ii. 4. foreign, far-fetch'd

Barbed, bearded, headed

Baſe, P. L. ix. 36. that part of any ornament which hangs down, as houſing; from the French *bas*, low; becauſe houſing falls low to the ground

To *batten*, P. to fatten, or make fat, to feed plenteouſly

Beheſt, a command, precept, mandate

Belated, P. L. i. 783. benighted, out of doors late at night

Beldame, P. an old woman; generally a term of contempt, marking the laſt degree of old age, with all its faults and miſeries. From the French *belle dame*, which of old ſignified an old woman

Benediction, well ſpeaking, thanks, P. L. viii. 645. P. R. iii. 127.; bleſſing, P. L. xii. 125

Beryl, P. L. vi. 756. a precious ſtone of a ſea-green colour

Beſprent, P. ſprinkled

Besprown, P. L. i. 311. iv. 631. sprinkled over
Bevy, P. L. xi. 582. a company, an assembly; of the Italian *beva*, a covy of partridges
Bickering, P. L. vi. 766. fighting, and thence destroying; from the Welch *bicre*, a contest, a combat. Mr. Johnson thinks it means here quivering, playing backward and forward
Blanc, or *blank*, white, P. L. x. 656.; confused, crushed, dispirited, subdued, depressed, P. L. ix. 890. P. R. ii. 120
Bland, P. L. v. 5. ix. 855, 1047. soft, mild, gentle
To *blank*, S. A. 471. to confuse, to damp, to dispirit
Blear, P. dim, obscure, or that which makes dimness
Blithe, gay, airy, merry, joyous, sprightly, mirthful
Bolt, the bar of a door, P. L. ii. 877.; lightning, a thunderbolt, P. L. vi. 491.; an arrow, P.
To *bolt*, P. to dart, to shoot, to sift. Mr. Johnson thinks it signifies here to blurt out, or throw out precipitantly
Boreas, P. L. x. 699. the north wind
Bosky, P. woody; from the Belgian *bosche*, and the Italian *bosco*, a wood
Bourn, P. a bound, a limit; from the French *borne*
Brand, P. L. xii. 643. a sword. *Brando* in Italian too signifies a sword; and the reason of this denomination seems to be derived from hence, because men fought with burnt stakes and firebrands before arms were invented

To *breathe*, P. L. ii. 244. to ſmell, to throw out the ſmell, to exhale, to ſend out as breath

To *braid*, to plait, to weave, to twiſt. *Braided train*, P. L. iv. 349. plaited or twiſted tail

To *bray*, P. L. vi. 209. (probably from the Greek *βράχω, βρέμω*), to make an offenſive or diſagreeable noiſe. It ſignifies to make any kind of noiſe, though now it be commonly appropriated to a certain animal

Brigandine, S. A. 1120. a coat of mail

To *brim*, P. L. iv. 336. P. to fill to the top

Brinded, P. L. vii. 466. P. ſtreaked, tabby, marked with branches

To *briſtle*, P. L. vi. 82. to erect in briſtles. The Latins expreſs this by the word *horrere*, taken from the *briſtling* on a wild boar's or other animal's back. Milton has the expreſſion of *horrent arms*, P. L. ii. 513. *See* Horrent

Budge, P. furred, ſurly, ſtiff, formal

Bullion, P. L. i. 704. gold or ſilver in the lump, unwrought, uncoined. *Bullion droſs*, the droſs which aroſe from the metal in refining it

But, P. L. iii. 377. except, unleſs

Buxome, is vulgarly underſtood for wanton, jolly; but it properly ſignifies flexible, yielding, obedient, obſequious, as P. L. ii. 842. v. 270.; and alſo gay, lively, briſk, as P. xiii. 24

C

Cæcias, P. L. x. 699. the north-weſt wind

Callow, P. L. vii. 420. unfledged, naked, without feathers

To *calve*, P. L. vii. 463. to bring forth, from the Belgic word *calven*, to bring forth

Capariſon, P. L. ix. 35. a horſe-cloth, or a ſort of cover for a horſe, which is ſpread over his furniture

Caravan, P. L. vii. 428. P. R. i. 323. a great convoy of merchants, which meet at certain times and places, to put themſelves into a condition of defence from thieves, who ride in troops in ſeveral deſert places upon the road in Perſia and Turkey. It is like an army, conſiſting ordinarily of five or ſix hundred camels, and near as many horſes, and ſometimes more

Carbuncle, a jewel that ſhines in the dark like a lighted coal or candle

To *career*, P. L. vi. 756. to run with ſwift motion. *Careering fires*, are lightnings darted out by fits; a metaphor taken from the running in tilts, ſays Dr. Newton

Carol, P. L. xii. 367. a ſong of devotion

To *carol*, P. to praiſe, to celebrate

To *caſt*, P. L. iii. 634. to conſider, to contrive, to turn the thoughts

Cataphracts, S. A. 1619. men or horſes completely armed; from *καταφράσσω, armis munio*

Cataract, P. L. ii. 176. xi. 824. a fall of water from on high, a ſhoot of water, a caſcade

Catarrh, P. L. xi. 483. a defluxion of ſharp ſerum from the glands about the head and throat

Cates, P. R. ii. 348. viands, food, diſh of meat; generally employed to ſignify nice and luxurious food

Cedarn, P. the ſame as *cedrine*, of or belonging to the cedar tree

Centaur, P. L. x. 328. the ſign of Sagittarius, or the Archer, in the Zodiac

Centric, P. L. x. 671. placed in the center. *Centric* (or concentric) *ſpheres*, P. L. viii. 83. are ſuch ſpheres whoſe center is the ſame with that of the earth

Ceraſtes, P. L. x. 525. a ſerpent having horns, or ſuppoſed to have horns; from κέρας, a horn

Charity, P. L. iv. 756. tenderneſs, kindneſs, love. *Charities* is uſed in the Latin ſignification, and, like *caritates*, comprehends all the relations, all the endearments of conſanguinity and affinity. The theological virtue of univerſal love, P. L. iii. 216. xii. 584

Chimera, P. L. ii. 628. a monſter feigned to have the head of a lion, the belly of a goat, and the tail of a dragon. Hence it ſignifies a vain and wild fancy, as remote from reality as the exiſtence of this poetical chimera

Chivalry, P. L. i. 307. (from the French *chevalerie*), ſignifies knighthood, and alſo thoſe who uſe horſes in fight, both ſuch as ride on horſes and ſuch as

ride in chariots drawn by them. In the ſenſe of riding and fighting the word is uſed ver. 765.; and in the ſenſe of riding and fighting in chariots drawn by horſes, P. R. iii. 343. compared with ver. 328

Chryſolite, P. L. iii. 596. a precious ſtone of a duſky green, with a caſt of yellow

Cieling, P. L. xi. 743. the inner roof. It may be thought (ſays Mr. Richardſon) too mean a word in poetry; but Milton had a view to its derivation from the Latin *cœlum*, and the Italian *cielo*, heaven

Cimmerian, P. which ſees no ſun, obſcure, dark. The Cimmerians were a people who lived in caves under ground, and never ſaw the light of the ſun; whence comes the phraſe *Cimmerian darkneſs*, *i. e.* great obſcurity

Clang, a ſharp ſhrill noiſe

Clarion, P. L. i. 532. a ſmall ſhrill treble trumpet; *a claro quem edit ſono*

To *cluſter*, P. L. iv. 303. vii. 320. to grow in bunches, to gather into bunches, to congregate

Collateral, running parallel, diffuſed on either ſide, P. L. viii. 426.; ſide by ſide, a ſenſe agreeable to the etymology of the word, P. L. x. 86

Colures, P. L. ix. 66. two great circles ſuppoſed to paſs through the poles of the world, interſecting each other at right angles, and encompaſſing the earth from north to ſouth, and from ſouth to north again

Combuſtion, conflagration, burning in a dreadful manner, P. L. i. 46.; tumult, hurry, hubbub, buſtle, hurly burly, P. L. vi. 225

To *commerce*, P. to hold intercourſe with

Compeer, P. L. i. 127. equal, companion, colleague, aſſociate

Cone, P. L. iv. 776. a figure round at bottom, and leſſening all the way ends in a point

To *conglobe*, to gather into a round maſs, to conſolidate in a ball, to aſſemble and aſſociate together, P. L. vii. 239.; to coaleſce in a round maſs, P. L. vii. 292

To *conjure*, P. L. ii. 693. to conſpire, to band and league together, to bind many by an oath to ſome common deſign; from the Latin *conjurare*, to bind one another by an oath to be true and faithful in a deſign undertaken

Convex, bending down on all ſides round, riſing in a circular form. *Convex* is ſpoken properly of the exterior ſurface of a globe, and *concave* of the interior ſurface, which is a hollow

Cormorant, P. L. iv. 196. a bird that lives upon fiſh, eminently greedy and rapacious

Cornice, P. L. i. 716. the uppermoſt member of the entablature of a column; the higheſt projection of a wall or column

Corny, P. L. vii. 321. ſtrong or hard like horn, horny; of the Latin *corneus*, horny

To *couch*, P. L. ii. 536. to fix or place the ſpear in the reſt, in the poſture of attack; from the French *coucher*, to place

Couchant, P. L. iv. 406. lying down, ſquatting

To *cover*, P. L. i. 763. to incloſe

Crank, P. any conceit formed by twiſting, or changing, in any manner, the form or meaning of a word

To *craze*, P. L. xii. 210. S. A. 571. to cruſh, bruiſe, or break in pieces, to weaken

Creſcent, P. L. x. 434. any ſimilitude of the moon increaſing. The Turks bear the horned moon, the creſcent, in their enſigns

Creſcent, P. L. i. 439. increaſing, growing, in a ſtate of increaſe

Creſſet, P. L. i. 728. a great blazing light ſet upon a beacon, light-houſe, or watch-tower

To *crown*, P. L. v. 445. to fill above the brim, yet not ſo as to run over

Crude, not brought to perfection, unfiniſhed, immature, P. L. vi. 511.; premature, and coming before its time, S. A. 700

Cubic, P. L. vi. 399. four-ſquare

Cuiraſſiers, P. R. iii. 328. horſemen armed with cuiraſſes, which covered the body quite round, from the neck to the waiſt

To *culminate*, P. L. iii. 617. to be vertical and ſhoot directly, to be in the meridian

Curfeu, P. (of the French *couvre feu*.) William the

Conqueror, in the firſt year of his reign, commanded that in every town and village a bell ſhould be rung every night at eight of the clock, and that all perſons ſhould then put out their fire and candle, and go to bed; the ringing of which bell was called *curfeu*

Cycle, P. L. viii. 84. a circle in the heavens, imaginary orbs

Cynoſure, P. the ſtar next the north-pole, by which ſailors ſteer; the conſtellation of Urſa Minor

D

Dank, damp, humid, moiſt, wet

Dapper, P. little and active, lively without bulk

To *dapple*, P. to ſtreak, to vary, to diverſify with colours

To *damaſk*, P. L. iv. 334. to variegate, to diverſify

Darkling, P. L. iii. 39. in the dark, without light; a word merely poetical

To *debel*, P. R. iv. 605. to conquer, to overcome in war; of the Latin *debello*

To *defend*, P. L. xi. 86. xii. 207. P. R. ii. 370. to forbid, prohibit, keep off, hinder; of the French *defendre*, to forbid

Dell, P. a ſteep place or valley, a pit, a hole in the ground, any cavity in the earth

Debonair, P. elegant, civil, well bred, gentle, complaiſant

Democratie, P. R. iv. 269. a popular government

Diapason, P. a perfect concord through all the tones; Gr. διὰπασσῶν. It is the same with an octave, because there are but seven tones or notes, and then the eighth is the same again with the first

To *dight*, P. to dress, to deck, to bedeck, to embellish, to adorn

Dingle, P. a narrow valley between two steep hills

Dipsas, P. L. x. 526. a serpent, whose bite produces the sensation of unquenchable thirst; of δίψα, thirst

Discontinuous wound, P. L. vi. 329. said in allusion to the old definition of a wound, that it separates the continuity of the parts. *Vulnus est solutio continui*

To *dispart*, to divide in two, to separate, to break, to burst, to rive

To *dispense*, to distribute, to deal out in parcels

Divan, P. L. x. 457. any council assembled

To *divert*, P. R. ii. 349. to turn aside, to withdraw the m nd

Divine, P. L. ix. 845. presaging, foreboding

Divinely, (from the Latin *divinitus)*, of God, from heaven, P. L. viii. 500. P. R. i. 26.; excellently, in the supreme degree, P. L. ix. 489

To *doff*, S. A. 1410. to put off dress

Dole, S. A. 1529. gifts and portions, blows dealt out; from a Saxon word, or from the Greek ἀπὸ τῦ διελεῖν, *distribuere*

Doughty, S. A. 1181. brave, valiant

Drear, P. L. x. 525. sad, dreadful, mournful, dismal, sorrowful

To *drizzle*, P. L. vi. 545. to fall in short slow drops

Drop serene, P. L. iii. 25. a disease of the eye, proceeding from an inspissation of the humour

To *drug*, P. L. x. 568. to physic, to torment with the hateful taste usually found in drugs; to tincture with something offensive

Dryad, P. L. ix. 387. a wood-nymph

Dulcimer, P. L. vii. 596. a musical instrument, played by striking the brass wires with little sticks

Dun, P. L. iii. 72. dark, gloomy

E

Eccentric, such spheres whose centres are different from that of the earth

To *eclipse*, P. L. v. 776. to disgrace

Ecliptic, P. L. iii 740. a great circle of the sphere, supposed to be drawn through the middle of the zodiac, and making an angle with the equinoctial

Eld, P. old age

Elfe, P. a wandering spirit, supposed to be seen in wild unfrequented places

Elops, P. L. x. 525. a dumb serpent, that gives no notice by hissing to avoid him

Emblem, P. L. iv. 703. in the Greek and Latin sense, for inlaid floors of stone or wood, to make figures mathematical or pictural

To *embow*, P. to arch, to vault
Embryon, the offspring yet unfinished in the womb
Emergent, P. L. vii. 286. rising into view or notice
Empiric, P. L. v. 440. versed in experiments; who makes bold trials and experiments without much skill and knowledge
Emprise, P. L. xi. 642. an old word for enterprise
Engin P. L. i. 750. device, wit, contrivance
Ens, P. any being or existence
To *envermeil*, P. to paint with vermilion
Epicycle, P. L. viii. 84. a circle upon another circle; or a little circle whose centre is in the circumference of a greater
Epilepsy, P. L. xi. 483. a convulsion, or convulsive motion of the whole body, or of some of its parts, with a loss of sense
Eremite, P. L. iii. 474. P. R. i. 8. a solitary, an anchoret, an inhabitant of the desert, one who retires from society to contemplation and devotion
Erst, at first, in the beginning, P.; formerly, long ago, S. A. 339.; before, till then, till now, P. L. ix. 876
Eternal, P. L. v. 173. fixed and continual, perpetual, constant
Euphrasy, P. L. xi. 414. the herb eyebright, so named from its clearing virtue
Eurus, P. L. x. 705. the east wind

Even, P. L. iv. 555. that part of the hemisphere where it was then evening

Excess, P. L. xi. 111. sin, offence; literally, a going beyond the bounds of our duty

To *exercise*, P. L. ii. 89. to vex and trouble, to keep employed as a penal injunction. It is used in this sense also in Latin

Eyry, P. L. vii. 424. the nest of a bird of prey

F

Falsities and lies, P. L. i. 367. false idols

Fanatic, P. L. i. 480. enthusiastic, struck with a superstitious frenzy

Fatal, upheld by fate, P. L. ii. 104.; appointed by destiny, P. L. v. 861

Favonius, S. the western wind that blows in the spring

Faye, P. a fairy, an elfe

To *fet*, P. R. ii. 401. to fetch, to go and bring

Flamen, P. a priest

Flaw. P. L. x. 698. a sudden gust, a violent blast; from the Greek φλάω, to break

To *flare*, P. to glitter offensively

Fledge, full feathered, able to fly, qualified to leave the nest

Flown, P. L. i. 502. puffed, inflated, elate, raised, heightened

Founded, P. L. i. 703. melted; from *fundere*, to melt, to cast metal

Fraud, misery, misfortune, mischief, punishment consequent upon deceit, P. L. viii. 143.; hurt and damage, P. L. ix. 643. P. R. i. 372

To *freak*, P. to freckle, to spot, to variegate, to chequer

Frequence, P. R. ii. 130. crowd, concourse, assembly

To *fret*, to form into raised work, P. L. i. 717.; to hurt by attrition, S.

Fret, P. L. vii. 597. that stop of the musical instrument which causes or regulates the vibrations of the string

Friers, P. L. iii. 474-5. *white*, Carmelites; *black*, Dominicans; *gray*, Franciscans

Frieze, P. L. i. 716. that part of the entablature of columns bewteen the architrave and cornice

From, P. R. i. 165. used as *ὑπὸ* and *præ*, to signify *for* or *because of*

Frore, P. L. ii. 595. an old word for frosty

To *frounce*, P. to crisp, to curl, to frizzle

Fugue, P. L. xi. 563. (of *fuga*, a flight), in music the correspondency of parts, answering one another in the same notes, either above or below

G

Gabble, P. L. xii. 56. loud talk without meaning

Galaxy, P. L. vii. 579. the milky way, a ſtream of light in the ſky

Gariſh, P. gaudy, ſplendid, ſhowy, fine

Garrulity, S. A. 491. loquacity, incontinence of tongue, inability to keep a ſecret

Gauntlet, S. A. 1121. an iron glove uſed for defence, and thrown down in challenges

Gear, P. furniture, accoutrements

To *gem*, P. L. vii. 325. to put forth the firſt buds; of the Latin *gemmare*

Glare, P. L. iv. 402. a fierce piercing look

To *glare*, to ſhoot ſuch ſplendour as the eye cannot bear, P. L. vi. 849.; to look with fierce piercing eyes, P. L. x. 714. P. R. i. 313

Globe, P. L. ii. 512. a body of ſoldiers drawn into a circle

To *gloze*, to flatter, to wheedle, to inſinuate, to fawn

God, P. L. v. 117. for angel

Gonfalon, P. L. v. 589. a kind of ſtreamer or banner, an enſign, a ſtandard

Gordian twine, P. L. iv. 348. intricate turnings and twiſtings, like the famous Gordian knot, which no body could untie, but Alexander cut it with his ſword

Gorgon, P. L. ii. 628. a monſter with ſnaky hairs, of which the ſight turned beholders to ſtone

Graces, P. L. ii. 467. the beautiful ſeaſons

Grange, P. a farm; generally a farm with a houſe at a diſtance from neighbours

Greaves, S. A. 1121. armour for the legs; a ſort of boots

To *gride*, P. L. vi. 329. to cut, to make way by cutting

Gris amber, P. R. ii. 344. for ambergris

Grunſel, P. L. i. 160. the groundſil, the lower part of the building

Gryphon, P. L. ii. 943. a fabulous creature, ſaid to be generated between the lion and eagle, and to have the head and paws of the lion and the wings of the eagle

Guerdon, P. a prize, a reward, a recompenſe

Guiſe, manner, mien, habit, caſt of behaviour

Gurge, P. L. xii. 41. whirlpool, gulf

Guſt, a ſudden blaſt of wind, P. L. x. 698.; height of perception, height of ſenſual enjoyment, P. L. x. 565

Gymnic, S. A. 1324. ſuch as practiſe the athletic or gymnaſtic exerciſes

Gyves, S. A. 1093. fetters, chains for the legs

H

Habergeon, S. A. 1120. a coat of mail for the neck and ſhoulders

Habitable, P. L. viii. 157. adjective uſed ſubſtantive-

ly, to which earth is understood; like the Greek οἰκουμένη, the inhabited, the earth

Hair, P. L. vii. 323. for leaves, twigs, and branches; as the Latin *coma* is used

Hand, P. R. iv. 59. for handywork

Hardihood, P. stoutness, bravery

To *harness*, P. to dress, to arm, to accoutre

To *harrow*, P. to disturb, to put into commotion

Hermes, P. L. iii. 603. mercury or quicksilver

To *hie*, P. L. ii. 1055. to hasten, to go in haste

Hippogrif, P. R. iv. 542. an imaginary creature, part like a horse and part like a gryphon; a winged horse

Holocaust, S. A. 1706. an entire burnt-offering

Horrent, P. L. ii. 513. terrible, prickly, set up like the bristles of a wild boar

To *host*, P. L. vi. 93. to encounter in battle. The word *hosting* (says Newton) seems to have been first coined by Milton. It is a very expressive word, and plainly formed from the substantive *host*. And if ever it is right to make new words, it is when the occasion is so new and extraordinary

Hours, P. L. iv. 267. the time requisite for the production and perfection of things

To *hull*, P. L. xi. 840. to float, to drive to and fro upon the water without sails or rudder

Hutcht, P. coffered; from *hutch*, a corn-chest

Hyacinthin, P. L. iv. 301. dark or black

Hyaline, P. L. viii. 619. a glaſſy ſea

Hydra, P. L. ii. 628. a monſter with many heads; whence any multiplicity of evils is termed *hydra*

Hydrus, P. L. x. 525. the waterſnake; of ὕδωρ, water

Hyæna, S. A. 748. a creature ſomewhat like a wolf, and ſaid to imitate a human voice ſo artfully as to draw people to it, and then devour them

I

Jaſper, P. L. iii. 363. a precious ſtone of a bright beautiful green colour; it bears ſome reſemblance to the ſea

Idoliſm, P. R. iv. 234. the worſhip of images

Idoliſt, S. A. 453. a worſhipper of images

If, P. L. iii. 117. for though

Jig, P. a light careleſs dance, or tune

Il Penſeroſo, P. the thoughtful melancholy man

Illaudable, P. L. vi. 382. unworthy of praiſe or commendation

Illimitable, P. L. ii. 892. that which cannot be bounded or limited

To *imblaze*, to adorn with glittering embelliſhments

To *imboſs*, S. A. 1704. to incloſe in a thicket, to conceal, to cover

To *imbrown*, P. L. iv. 246. to ſhade, to darken, to obſcure, to cloud

To *imbrute*, to degrade to brutality, P. L. ix. 166.; to ſink down to brutality, P.

Imp, P. L. ix. 89. a ſtock to graft upon, a ſubaltern devil, a puny devil

To *imp*, S. to lengthen or enlarge with any thing adſcititious

To *impale*, P. L. ii. 647. to incloſe, to pale or ſhut in as it were

To *imparadiſe*, P. L. iv. 506. to put in a place or ſtate reſembling Paradiſe in felicity

Impaſſion'd, P. L. ix. 678. ſeized with paſſion

Impaſſive, P. L. vi. 455. exempt from the agency of external cauſes

To *impearl*, P. L. v. 747. to form in reſemblance of pearls

Impediment, P. L. vi. 548. carriages and baggage. They were called in Latin *impedimenta*

Impervious, P. L. x. 254. unpaſſable, impenetrable

Implicit, P. L. vii. 323. intangled

Impotence, P. L. ii. 156. *animi impotentia*, weakneſs of mind, ungovernableneſs of paſſion, an unſteddineſs in the government of our paſſions, or the conduct of our deſigns. It is meant for the oppoſite to wiſdom

To *impregn*, to fill with any matter or quality

Impreſs, P. L. ix. 35. a device, a motto

To *impurple*, P. L. iii. 364. to make red, to colour as with purple

Inabstinence, P. L. xi. 476. intemperance

Incubus, P. R. ii. 152. the night-mare

To *indent*, P. L. ix. 496. to notch, to mark any thing with inequalities like the teeth of a ſaw, to go in and out

To *indorſe*, P. R. iii. 329. to cover on the back

To *infer*, P. L. vii. 116. to make by inference

Infuriate, P. L. vi. 486. enraged, raging

Inhabitation, S. A. 1512. habitation, place of dwelling

Inſenſate, P. L. vi. 787. S. A. 1689. ſtupid, wanting thought, wanting ſenſibility

To *inſinuate*, P. L. iv. 348. to infold, to imboſom, to wrap or roll up, to wind

Intercourſe, P. L. x. 260. paſſing frequently backward and forward

Interlunar, S. A. 89. belonging to the time when the moon, about the change, is inviſible

To *intrench*, P. L. i. 601. to cut into, to make trenches in, to break with hollows; from the French *intrencher*, to cut

Jouſt, P. L. ix. 37. tilt, tournament, mock fight

To *jouſt*, P. L. i. 583. to run in the tilt

Iris, P. L. iv. 698. the flower-de-luce; ſo called, from reſembling the colours of the rainbow

Irriguous, P. L. iv. 255. well watered, full of ſprings and rills

Jugler, P. one who practiſes ſleight of hand, a cheat

Judicious, P. L. viii. 591. chuſes with prudence and ſkill

K

To *kennel*, P. L. ii. 658. to lie, to dwell

Kercheſt, P. dreſſed, hooded; from *kerchef*, a head-dreſs; French, *couvre-chef*

Kirtle, P. a woman's gown

Knee-tribute, P. L. v. 782. genuflection, worſhip or obeiſance ſhown by kneeling

L

Lair, P. L. vii. 457. the couch or bed of a boar or wild beaſt

L'Allegro, P. the cheerful merry man

Larbord, P. L. ii. 1019. the left-hand ſide of a ſhip, when you ſtand with your face to the head

Lares, P. houſehold gods

Lazar-houſe, P. L. xi. 479. a houſe for the reception of the diſeaſed; an hoſpital

Lea, P. ground incloſed, not open; paſtures, or corn fields

Lee, or *Lee-ſhore*, P. L. i. 207. is that on which the wind blows. To be *under the Lee*, is to be cloſe under the weather-ſhore

Leer, P. L. iv. 503. an oblique view

Lemures, P. night-ſpirits, hobgoblins
Lenient, S. A. 659. aſſuaſive, ſoftening, mitigating
Leſs, P. L. ix. 320, for too little
Levant, P. L. x. 704. riſing, eaſtern
Leviathan, P. L. i. 201. a water-animal deſcribed in the book of Job, by ſome imagined to be the crocodile, but in poetry generally taken for the whale
Libbard, P. L. vii. 467. a leopard, a ſpotted beaſt of prey
Libecchio, P. L. x. 706. the ſouth-weſt wind
Limbec, P. L. iii. 605. a ſtill
Limitary, P. L. iv. 971. placed at the boundaries as a guard or ſuperintendant; ſet to guard the bounds
Lithe, P. L. iv. 347. limber, pliant, flexible, eaſily bent
Longitude, P. L. iv. 539. length or diſtance; the ſun's courſe from eaſt to weſt in a ſtraight and direct line, P. L. vii. 373
Lore, leſſon, inſtruction
Lubbar, P. a ſturdy drone; an idle, fat, bulky loſel; a booby

M

Madrigal, P. a paſtoral ſong
Magnetic, P. L. iii. 583. attractive, having the power to draw things diſtant
To *manure*, P. L. iv. 628. to cultivate by manual labour

Marafmus, P. L. xi. 487. a kind of confumption, accompanied with a fever, wafting the body by degrees

Marifh, P. L. xii. 630. an old word for marfh; a bog, a fen

Marle, P. L. i. 296. a kind of clay ufed for fattening land

To *may*, P. to gather flowers on a May morning

Meath, P. L. v. 345. fweet drink like mead

Meed, P. reward, recompenfe

Mellifluous, P. L. v. 429. flowing with honey, with fweetnefs

Memory, reminifcence, recollection, P. L. iv. 24.; time of knowledge, P. L. vii. 66, 637

Mickle, P. much, great. An obfolete word

Midriff, P. L. xi. 445. the diaphragm, a nervous mufcle feparating the breaft from the belly

Mimic, S. A. 1325. a ludicrous imitator. This is *mimirs* in all the editions, though the table of errata to the firft edition directs to read *mimics*

Mimic, P. L. v. 110. imitative, befitting a mimic

Minim, P. L. vii. 482. a fmall being, a dwarf

Mintage, P. that which is coined or ftamped

Mifcreated, P. L. ii. 683. formed unnaturally or illegitimately; made as by a blunder of Nature

Mifery, P. L. ix. 12. xi. 476. ficknefs, difeafe, and all fort of mortal pains

To *mix*, P. L. ii. 69. to fill with

Mold, P. L. ii. 355. vi. 576. ſubſtance

Moment, P. L. vi. 239. x. 45. force, impulſive weight, actuating power. It is the weight that turns the balance

To *moor*, P. L. i. 207. to be fixed, to be ſtationed. It is the laying out of anchors in a proper place for the ſecure riding of a ſhip

To *mope*, P. L. xi. 485. to be ſtupid; to drowſe; to be ſpiritleſs, inactive, and inattentive; to be ſtupid and delirious

Morrice, P. a dance in which bells are jingled, or ſtaves or ſwords claſhed

Moſaic, P. L. iv. 700. a kind of painting in ſmall pebbles, cockles, and ſhells of ſundry colours

Mound, P. L. iv. 134. any thing raiſed to fortify or defend, a bank of earth and ſtone

Mummer, S. A. 1325. a maſker, one who performs antics in a perſonated dreſs

Murky, P. L. x. 280. dark, cloudy, tainted, wanting light

Murren, P. L. xii. 179. the plague in cattle

Muſt, P. L. v. 345. new wine

Myſterious, including a hidden meaning in it, inacceſſible to the underſtanding, awfully obſcure

N

Naphtha, P. L. i. 729, a very pure, clear, and thin

mineral fluid, of a very pale yellow, with a caſt of brown in it. It is of ſo unctuous and fiery a nature, that it kindles at approaching the fire or the ſun-beams

Nard, P. L. v. 293. ſpikenard

Nathleſs, P. L. i. 299. nevertheleſs

Navel, P. the middle, the interior part

To *need*, P. L. x. 80. S. A. 1554. to be wanting

Nepenthes, P. a drug that drives away all pains

Night, P. L. v. 93. for the viſions and dreams frequent in it

Nocent, P. L. ix. 186. hurtful, miſchievous

Notus, P. L. x. 702. the ſouth wind

Number, P. L. iii. 580. meaſure, harmony

Number'd, P. L. viii. 19. numerous

O

To *oblige*, P. L. ix. 980. to render obnoxious to guilt or puniſhment. It is uſed in the large ſenſe of the Latin *obligo*

Of, P. L. iv. 411. for *among*

Offal, P. L. x. 633. carrion, coarſe meat

Omnific, P. L. vii. 217. all-creating

Ooze, P. L. vii. 303. ſoft mud, mire at the bottom of water, ſlime

Opal, P. L. ii. 1049. a precious ſtone of diverſe colours, partaking of the carbuncle's faint fire, the

amethyst's bright purple, and the emerald's cheering green

Opiate, P L. xi. 133. soporiferous, somniferous, narcotic, causing sleep

Orc, P. L. xi. 835. a large kind of sea-beast

Oread, P. L. ix. 387. a mountain nymph

Orgies, P. L. i. 415. mad rites of Bacchus, frantic revels

Orient, P. bright, shining, glittering, gaudy, sparkling

Orisons, prayers, supplications

Ounce, a lynx, a panther

P

Pact, P. R. iv. 191. the technical term for the contracts of sorcerers with the devil, a bargain, a covenant

Palmer, P. a pilgrim; they who returned from the Holy Land carrying branches of *palm*, whither they had made a vow to go, and are therefore called *votarists*

To *pamper*, P. L. v. 214. to be overgrown with superfluous leaves and fruitless branches; from the French *pampre*, of the Latin *pampinus*, a vine-branch full of leaves

Pan, P. L. iv. 266. Nature

Pandæmonium, the capital or chief residence of the devils

Panim, P. L. i. 765. P. R. iii. 343. pagan, infidel

Panoply, P. L. vi. 527. armour from head to foot; from the Greek πανοπλία, armour at all points

Panſy, P. L. ix. 1040. a kind of violet

To *paragon*, P. L. x. 426. to compare, to be equal to, like to; of παρὰ *juxta*, and ἀγὼν *certamen*; an exact idea or likeneſs of a thing, able to conteſt with the original

Paranymph, S. A. 1020. a brideman, one who leads the bride to her marriage

Pard, P. L. iv. 344. the leopard, a ſpotted beaſt of prey

Parle, P. L. vi. 296. converſation, talk

Parly, P. talk, conference

To *peer*, P. to come juſt in ſight

Peerleſs, unequalled, having no peer

Peccant, P. L. xi. 70. guilty, criminal

Pen, P. L. vii. 421. a feather; from *penna*

Penance, P. L. ii. 92. puniſhment, ſuffered as an expreſſion of repentance for ſin

Pennon, P. L. ii. 933. vulgarly ſpelt *pinion*, a wing; from *penna*

Pernicious, P. L. vi. 520. quick, ſpeedy; from the Latin *pernix*

Petrific, P. L. x. 294. having the power to change to ſtone

Phylactery, P. a bandage on which was inscribed some memorable sentence

Pied, P. variegated, particoloured

Pilaster, P. L. i. 713. a pillar jutting out of the wall

Platan, P. L. iv. 478. the plane-tree, so named from the breadth of its leaves. Πλατὺς, Gr. broad

Plate, P. L. vi. 368. broad solid armour

Pledge, P. a child; as children were simply called by the Latins *pignora*, pledges

Pleiades, P. L. viii. 374. a northern constellation

To *plight*, P. to plait, to braid, to weave

Plurality, P. more cures of souls than one

To *poise*, P. L. ii. 905. to give weight or balance to; to hold or place in equiponderance

Ponent, P. L. x. 704. setting western

Pontifical, P. L. x. 313. bridge-building

Pontifice, P. L. x. 348. bridge-work, edifice of a bridge

Porcupine, S. A. 1138. a hedgehog, a creature wholly covered with quills

To *port*, P. L. iv. 980. to carry in form. *Ported spears*, spears borne pointed towards Satan

Portcullis, P. L. ii. 874. a sort of machine like a harrow, hung over the gates of a city, to be let down to keep out an enemy

To *prank*, P. to dress, to decorate; to dress, or adjust to ostentation

Predicament, P. a clafs or arrangement of beings or fubftances ranked according to their natures

To *pretend*, P. L. x. 872. to hold or place before; to hold out as a delufive appearance; to exhibit as a cover of fomething hidden; from the Latin *prætendere*

Pride, P. L. iv. 40. a kind of exceffive and vicious felf-efteem, that raifes men in their own opinions above what is juft and right. *See* Ambition

Probofcis, P. L. iv. 347. the fnout or trunk of an elephant

Procinct, P. L. vi. 19. complete preparation, preparation brought to the point of action. *In procinct*, ready girded; in allufion to the Ancients, who juft before the battle ufed to gird their garments clofe to them, which on other occafions they wore very loofe

Proof, P. L. v. 384. for armour

Provifion, P. L. ix. 623. what is provided for men, accumulation of ftores beforehand, ftock collected. It ufually fignifies what men have provided

To *prowl*, P. L. iv. 183. to prey, to plunder

Punctual, P. L. viii. 23. comprifed or confifting in a point, no bigger than a point

Puny, P. L. ii. 367. weak, little, born fince, created long after; from the French *puis né*

To *purfle*, P. to decorate with a wrought or flowered border, to embroider. *Purfled*, flourished, or wrought upon with a needle

Purlieu, P. L. iv. 404. border, inclosure

To *purloin*, P. to steal, to take by theft

To *purvey*, P. L. ix. 1021. to procure provisions

Q

Quaint, P. L. viii. 78. subtily excogitated, fine spun

Quality, P. nature relatively considered; or property, accident

Quantity, P. that property of any thing which may be increased or diminished

Quaternion, P. L. v. 181. a fourfold mixture and combination

Quintessence, an extract from any thing, containing all its virtues in a small quantity

Quip, P. a sharp jest, a taunt, a sarcasm

R

Rathe, P. early, coming before the time

Reälty, P. L. vi. 115. loyalty. A word peculiar to Milton

Rebec, P. a three-stringed fiddle

Rebell'd, P. L. vi. 737. for those who have rebelled, rebellious

To *reck*, to care, to heed, to mind, to make account of, to rate at much

To *record*, P. L. vii. 338. to celebrate, to cauſe to be remembered

Recreant, P. R. iii. 138. apoſtate, falſe

To *reek*, P. L. viii. 256. to ſteam, to ſmoke, to emit vapour; from the Saxon *rec*, ſmoke

Reign, P. L. i. 543. kingdom; uſed like *regnum*

Relation, P. manner of belonging to any perſon or thing

Religion, P. L. i. 372. religious rites; or a ſyſtem of worſhip oppoſite to others

Reluctant, P. L. vi. 58. unwilling, acting with repugnance

To *remark*, S. A. 1309. to diſtinguiſh, to point out, to mark

To *repeal*, P. L. vii. 59. to abrogate, to revoke. In the ſame ſenſe as the law is ſaid to be *repealed* when an end is put to all the force and effect of it; ſo, when *doubts* are at an end, they may be ſaid to be *repealed*

Reprobate, P. L. i. 697. loſt to virtue, loſt to grace, abandoned

Reptile, P. L. vii. 388. an animal that creeps upon many feet

To *retain*, P. L. ix. 601. to confine

Rheum, P. L. xi. 488. a thin watery matter oozing through the glands, chiefly about the mouth

Rhomb, a figure of four ſides, which, being converted into one of three, makes a *wedge*, P. R. iii. 309
Rubied, red as a ruby
Ruin, P. L. i. 46. falling with violence and precipitation
To *ruin*, P. L. vi. 868. to fall down with ruin and precipitation
Ruſſet, P. ruſtic
Ruth, P. pity, mercy, tenderneſs, ſorrow for the miſery of another

S

Sable, P. L. ii. 962. black. A *ſable* is a creature whoſe ſkin is of the greater price the blacker it is
Sad, P. L. vi. 541. ſour or ſullen, ſerious or in earneſt
Sadly, P. ſoberly, ſeriouſly
Sagacious, P. L. x. 281. quick of ſcent
Saphir, a precious ſtone of a blue colour
Saw, P. a maxim, a ſaying, a ſentence, a proverb
Scape, P. R. ii. 189. a looſe act of vice or lewdneſs
To *ſcathe*, P. L. i. 613. to damage, to hurt, to waſte, to deſtroy
Sciential, P. L. ix. 837. producing ſcience or knowledge
Scrannel, P. vile, worthleſs, grating to the ſound
Scull, P. L. vii. 402. a ſhoal or vaſt multitude of fiſh
To *ſdeign*, P. L. iv. 50. to diſdain

Senfible, P. L. ii. 278. the fenfe; the adjective ufed for a fubftantive

Senefoal, P. L. ix. 38. one who had, in great houfes, the care of feafts or domeftic ceremonies; a fteward

Sere, P. L. x. 1071. dry, withered; from the Greek ξηρὸς

Serenate, P. L. iv. 769. mufic or fongs with which ladies are entertained by their lovers in the night

To *ferry*, P. L. i. 548. vi. 599 to prefs clofe, to drive hard together, to link and clafp together; from the French *ferrer*, to lock, to fhut clofe

Servitude, P. L. xii. 132. fervants; the abftract for the concrete

Sewer, P. L. ix. 38. an officer who ferves up a feaft

Sextile, P. L. x. 659. a pofition or afpect of two planets when at fixty degrees diftant, or at the diftance of two figns from one another

To *fhatter*. P. L. x. 1066. to fhake or break in pieces, to break fo as to fcatter the parts

Sheen. brightnefs, fplendour

Sheen or *fheeny*, bright, glittering, fhowy

Sheer, clean, quick, at once

Shifter. P, one who plays tricks, a man of artifice

Shoon, P. fhoes

Sideral, P. L. x. 693. ftarry, aftral

Sirocco, P. L. x. 706. the fouth-eaft or Syrian wind

Sky-tinctur'd, P. L. v. 285. ſky-coloured, dyed in grain, to expreſs beauty and durableneſs
Smouldring, P. burning and ſmoking without vent
Soldan, P. L. i. 764. a Sultan, the Emperor of the Turks
Solitary, P. L. vi. 139. ſingle
Sooth, truth. *In ſooth*, indeed
Sooth, P. true, faithful, pleaſing, delightful
Sord, P. L. xi. 433. turf, graſſy ground
Soul, P. L. v. 197. an intelligent being, any creature that has life beſides man
Speculation, P. L. xii. 589. a watching on a tower or high place, thence a diſcovery
Squat, P. L. iv. 800. cowering, cloſe to the ground
To *ſtand*, P. L. viii. 3. to remain, to continue
Station of a planet, P. L. vii. 563 a term of art, when the planet appears neither to go backwards nor forwards, but to ſtand ſtill, and keep the ſame place in its orbit
Statiſt, P. R. iv. 354 a ſtateſman, a politician
To *ſubſcribe*, P. L. xi. 182. to aſſent to agree to. *Subſcribere* literally ſignifies to underwrite, thence to agree to
Subſtance, P. a being ſubſiſting in and by itſelf
Succeſs, P. L. ii. 9. vi 161. for ill ſucceſs. It imports the termination of any affair happy or unhappy;

but without any epithet it is commonly taken for good ſucceſs

Succinct, P. L. iii. 643. ready, prepared; the metaphorical ſenſe of the word. Literally it ſignifies *girded*, or *tucked up*

Suffuſion, P. L. iii. 26. that which is ſuffuſed or ſpread

To *ſum*, P. L. vii. 421. P. R. i. 14 to have feathers full grown, or to their full ſtrength; to want nothing of the ſum of its feathers. A term in falconry

Superior, free from emotion or concern, unconquered

To *ſupplant*, P. L. x. 513. to trip up one's heels, to overthrow; from the Latin *ſupplanto*, *a planto pedis ſubtus emota*

Swart, black, gloomy, malignant. *Swart ſtar*, P. the dog-ſtar

To *ſwerve*, P. L. vi. 386. to wander out of its place, to deviate, to rove; by analogy, to bend, to ply

To *ſwinge*, P. to move as a laſh. In this ſenſe the word is not now in uſe

To *ſwink*, P. to overlabour, to work, to tire, to fatigue

Sylvan, a wood-god, or ſatyr

Symphony, concert of inſtruments, harmony of mingled ſounds

Syrtis, P. L. ii. 939. a quickſand, a bog

T

To *tangle*, to insnare, to intrap, to be intangled
Tangle, a knot of things mingled in one another
Tassel'd, P. adorned with tassels
To *ted*, P. L. ix. 450. to lay grass newly mown in rows for drying
To *tempest*, P. L. vii. 412. (from the Italian *tempestare*), to disturb as by a tempest
Tepid, P. L. vii. 417. lukewarm
Thankless, P. that earns no thanks, is not thanked. It otherwise signifies unthankful, ungrateful
Thrascias, P. L. x. 700. the wind blowing from Thrace, northward of Greece
To *thrill*, P. to pierce, to bore, to penetrate
Tiar, P. L. iii. 625. a Persian word for a round cap, high, and ending in a point; the usual covering and ornament the eastern princes wore on their heads
To *tilt*, to run in tilts, P. L. ix. 34.; to play unsteadily, P. L. xi. 747
Tilth, P. L. xi. 430. arable, tilled
To *tine*, P. L. x. 1075. to light, to kindle, to set on fire; from the Saxon *tynan*, to light, to kindle. From this we have the word *tinder*
Tipsy, P. drunk, overpowered with drink
To *torment*, P. L. vi. 244. to put into great agitation; from the French *tormente*, a great storm

Torneament, or *Tournament*, tilt, juſt, P. L. ix. 37.; encounter, ſhock of battle, P. L. xi. 652

Tortuous, P. L. ix. 516. twiſted, wreathed, winding

Trading, P. L. ii. 640. having a trading wind, or a monſoon

To *train*, P. L. vi. 553. to draw along, to draw in train; from the term *train of artillery*

Tranſmigration, P. L. x. 261. paſſage from one place or ſtate into another

To *travel*, P. L. iii. 501. to tire, to harraſs. Mr. Johnſon thinks this word ſhould be ſpelt *travail* when it ſignifies *labour*, and *travel* when it ſignifies *journey*

To *trick*, P. to dreſs, to decorate, to adorn

Triform, P. L. iii. 730. having a triple ſhape. The moon is ſaid to be *triform* when increaſing with horns towards the eaſt, decreaſing with horns towards the weſt, and at the full

To *trill*, P. R. iv. 246. to utter quavering

To *trip*, P. L. xi. 847. to dance, to run or ſtep lightly, from *tripudiare*, to dance

To *troll*, P. L. xi. 620. to move circularly

Tropic, P. L. x. 675. the line at which the ſun turns back

Tun, P. L. iv. 816. a large caſk

Turkis, or *Turkois*, P. a blue ſtone, numbered among the meaner precious ſtones

Turm, P. R. iv. 66. a troop; a word coined from the Latin *turma*

U

Unapparent, P. L. vii. 103. obfcure, not vifible

Uncouth, odd, ftrange, unufual; from the Saxon *uncud*, unknown

Underftood P. L. i. 662. not expreffed, not openly declared, and yet implied; as when we fay that a fubftantive or verb is *underftood* in a fentence

Uneffential, P. L. ii. 439. void of real being

Unexpreffive, unutterable, ineffable, not to be expreffed

Unfum'd, P. L. v. 349. not burnt, and exhaling fmoke as in fumigations, but with its natural fcent

Unifon, P. L. vii. 599. founding alone

Unprevented, P. L. iii. 231. not preceded by any thing

Unremov'd, P. L. iv. 987. for immoveable, not capable of being removed

Unweeting, ignorant, unknowing

Unwifer, P. L. iv. 716. not fo wife as one fhould have been

To *ufe*, P. to haunt or frequent

Uxorious, fubmiffively fond of a wife, infected with connubial dotage

V

Van, a wing with which the air is beaten

Vant-braſs, or *Vant-brace*, S. A. 1121. armour for the arms

Various, varied with divers ſculptures and paintings, P. L. vi. 84.; variegated, diverſified, P. L. vii. 318

To *veer*, P. L. ix. 515. to turn about

Vernant, P. L. x. 679. flouriſhing as in the ſpring

Viands, food, meat dreſſed

Vigil, P. R. i. 182. watch; devotions performed in the cuſtomary hours of reſt; ſongs ſung while the angels kept watch

Void, P. L. iii. 12. deſtitute of any formed being, void as the earth was when firſt created. It commonly ſignifies *emptineſs*; but it cannot be ſo underſtood here; for chaos is deſcribed as full of matter

Volant, P. L. xi. 561. nimble, active

Vollied, P. L. iv. 928. diſploded, diſcharged with a volley

Voluble, rolling, having a quick motion

W

To *wallow*, P. L. vii. 411. to move heavily and clumſily

War, P. L. xii. 214. forces, army

Ware, P. L. ix. 353. wary, cautious

To *warp*, P. L. i. 341. to turn, to work forward; a ſea term

Waſſailer, a toper, a drunkard. Mr. Johnſon gives this account of the origin of the word: *Hail* or *heil*

for health was in such continual use among the good fellows of ancient times, that a drinker was called a *was-heiler*, or a *wisher of health*, and the liquor was termed *was-heil*, because *health* was so often *wished over it*. These words were afterwards corrupted into *wassail* and *wassailer*. *Miscel. Obs. on Macbeth, p.* 41

To *wattle*, P. to bind with twigs; to form, by plaiting twigs one within another

To *ween*, to think, to imagine, to fancy

To *weet*, to know, to be informed

Welkin, the firmament or sky

Westering, P. drawing towards the west

Whilome, P. formerly, once, of old

Whist, P. still, silent. It is commonly used as an interjection commanding silence. And hence it is supposed the game of *Whist* hath its name, as it requires close attention and silence

Wight, a person, a being

Wisard, P. a wise man, an enchanter, a conjurer

Within, P. L. i. 725. xi. 470. (an adverb), inwardly

To *won*, P. L. vii. 457. to live, to dwell, to inhabit

To *worse*, P. L. vi. 440. to put to disadvantage

To *wrack*, P. L. ii. 182. to rock, to shake

To *wrench*, S. to force, to wrest

To *writhe*, to distort, P. L. x. 569.; to twist with violence, P. L. vi. 328.

Y

Ycleaped, P. called, named, termed

Z

Zenith, the point over head oppofite to the nadir

Zephyr, the weft wind

Zodiac, a great circle of the fphere, containing the twelve figns

Zone, a girdle, P. L. v. 281.; a divifion of the earth, P. L. ii. 397.; circuit, circumference. P. L. v. 560

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